THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE NEW POPULATION

THE prevailing attitude of American citizens toward the question of immigration might almost be studied adequately in two recent symbols: one, the emphasis upon Nordic race, characteristic of several recent writers and, it is said, of the Carnegie Foundation; the other, that kind of cordial welcome to alien, particularly European, culture which has found genial expression once again in the Italian House at Columbia University. Indeed, one might almost say that economic factors have played a decidedly minor rôle in shaping public opinion concerning this question. Though students of immigration, like the still authoritative Professor Jenks, have carefully analyzed the financial and social circumstances into which the newcomer is thrown, nobody would maintain that their countrymen think solidly with them. As citizens we are divided into two camps by the prepossessions which, mentally and emotionally, we bring to the consideration of the immigrant.

With the theory of automatically self-sufficient race type we here have no sympathy whatever. It appeals only to the kind of people who feel that the Constitution of the United States is intimately dependent upon illuminati whose ancestors slept in spare Massachusetts beds. Blood may be thicker than water, but it is not nearly so permanently substantial as metaphysical sense. Everywhere in the world, when nations have formed their greatness, the definitive test of popular society was its ability to anneal with its own fibre new racial accessions. Nations have lived when, like other vital beings, they were organic. The static theory of citizenship is equally as tenable as a static theory of culture. Not even Chinese walls or Bismarckian educational edicts could guard the sacred sleep from disturbance. If there be an American type—which, judging from descriptions offered, is extremely doubtful—it can only desirably be a type sturdy enough to grow.

On the other hand, wholesale and unregulated immigration would result, like every form of mob action, in regrettable human wastage. It is our business to accept the newcomer at his potential best. His own advantage and ours will be squandered if for any reason the difficulties of acclimatization wither his entity as an individual or a social being. And the records of migration to these shores reveal only too clearly how vastly much of energy and nobility, of worth and goodness, has been prodigally flung away during the disruption of tradition, of family ties, of economic habits. The sole logical conclusion is that there should be a definite ratio between ingress and assimilation—that, no matter how circumstances of the moment may modify the brawn value of the immigrant, intelligent

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foresight should reckon always with the citizenship to be.

The idea of linking up Ellis Island with quotas based on national origins, as it was expressed in federal legislation of 1921 and 1924, is obviously an experimental idea. Wholly aside from the fact of how it justifies the belief entertained by many that Congress was impelled to act by statistics radically doctored up with Nordic-itis, the quota principle does not affect any but quantitative aspects of the immigrant problem. It merely requires a numerical barrier more or less similar to what prevails at universities pledged to the habit of student limitation—a barrier which, half frankly and half surreptitiously, makes room for those who are considered friends. Who really believes that the difficulties of safeguarding population are overcome by giving reserved seats to persons from the British Isles? Besides, such a solution cannot, in the nature of things, be "permanent." For the reason that it has been dictated by highly organized propaganda, it must sooner or later give way to counter-attacks from those who have political power and whose friends hail from points less easily reached through Warwickshire. Nobody knows but what this stubborn mutual antagonism may even endanger all immigration laws.

If there must be, as we have said, a definite ratio between ingress and assimilation, it follows that qualitative norms ought to be established and developed. Now a glance at the situation reveals this fact: immigration to industrial centres is the rule, and this immigration is undesirable. Dense crowding into large cities cheapens labor and lowers the standard of living; it intensifies racial and national ill-feeling; and it prepares the way for that insufficient education and pastoral care which produce the criminal "foreign" type now so much spoken of. When we remember that the population of New York City is more than 4 percent of the total citizenship of the country, the danger of adding to an already congested Bronx and Harlem is obvious. But what of the country? There depletion is the rule. There scarcity of labor is keenly felt, and youth constantly lured into the factory vortex.

"Strange as it may seem, contemporaneously with the decline in numbers of our agricultural population, there has been an ever-growing alien influx to our industrial centres, consisting of farmers and farm laborers from the south and east of Europe," say Professors Jenks, Lauck, and Smith in their studious volume, The Immigrant Problem. "During the past decade seven out of every ten immigrants who landed at our ports were southern and eastern Europeans. From one-third to three-fifths of these newcomers, the proportion varying according to race, had been engaged in agricultural pursuits before coming to the United States, but not one in ten have settled on farms in this country. . . . The significance of the entire industrial situation is that our manufacturing and mining localities are congested with an alien population of agricultural training and manner of life, while our farming communities are clamoring for more labor which they are unable to secure."

The authors attribute the lamentable situation to conditions which are partly psychological and partly economic. They stress the fact that the immigrant, unfamiliar as he is with the language, hesitates to surrender contact with his own kind; they declare that the desire to return to the native land after a few years of hard work is strong in many; and they point out the difficulties confronting a would-be agricultural laborer who has no money with which to purchase land. Undoubtedly, these considerations are all important. It might even be added that the European, like the American, is often anxious to exchange farming for an industrial pursuit, and so ready to take advantage of the "opportunity" afforded by a trip to the United States. Nevertheless, a very large number of immigrants would make desirable agricultural workers and residents; they would be more likely to think of their stay as permanent if they could settle in the country; and frequently their experience with coöperative movements might benefit the character of our farm life.

Since these things are true, the solution of the immigration problem is theoretically simple. But how shall we go about the task? In the first place it might be suggested that the present eccentric stress upon British candidates for citizenship is wholly out of place, for the simple reason that few Englishmen are farmers. Secondly, the development of the coöperative principle in agriculture should reckon with the idea of assimilating immigrant laborers and owners; it should organize a satisfactory system of credits and community enterprise; it should certainly not hesitate to demand government aid in carrying out a task so beneficial. Thirdly, it would seem practicable to establish, as has already been suggested, immigrant quotas on the basis of the needs and opportunities extant in the agricultural states. Were citizenship made contingent upon a certain number of years spent in farm labor within the borders of a given commonwealth, doubtless the numerical aspects of the alien problem would largely take care of themselves.

At any rate, though the practical details of the solution may be puzzling and relatively complex, the solution itself lies here. Times have changed. Industry no longer needs the influx of muscular workers who once upon a time laid the basis of American productive commerce. Agriculture can use the kind of men who have learned to work their little European farms under conditions more arduous than any to be encountered here. Let us as citizens urge that these plain, basic economic and social facts be recognized by legislators. Let us cease the futile attempt to settle the vast problem sentimentally—by appealing to the shades of our great-grandfathers, to our school-book dreams of a "type," and to prejudices which merely destroy one another in the tide of deluded oratory.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

TO applaud the Preparatory Disarmament Conference for its "educative" effects, is really to take one's stand with the international optimists who have been of real aid to mankind in so far as their suggestion of possible improvement is stimulating. But it remains only too easy for critics of political talk to suggest that in the great bombardment of oratory experienced by Geneva during the past week, there was precious little excepting fireworks. Between Mr. Hugh Gibson's plea for regional agreements and the official Hungarian summons to universal disarmament, there is a certain amount of practicable opportunity for choice, but very little agreement upon practical measures. It was quite natural that Senator Wadsworth, chairman of the military committee, should arise in Congress to support gas warfare. This weapon, which aroused so much indignation when it was first employed in the great war, is found upon examination—so says the Senator—to be less deadly and inhumane than several other mentionable munitions. But because it can cause one casualty out of every three, it is an attractive device which fighting nations will resort to regardless of treaties. Therefore, so runs the argument, it would be futile and dangerous to suppose that gas warfare can be ruled out of existence. One hardly needs to point out the interesting conclusions which follow from this reasoning. Are there any other weapons which might be outlawed? Obviously, only those which do not bring satisfactory results, and which, in consequence, will eliminate themselves. As for the rest, nobody will refrain righteously from them anyhow; and the assumption that they have been tabooed cannot be accepted without the gravest risk. What reason exists, then, for summoning a disarmament conference?

DURING the past few weeks, the workers of England and of the world generally, have had to listen to many homilies upon their clear duty and the inescapable obligation to keep the social machine in motion, regardless of any grievances as to wages or hours. It is with some relief that one turns to another aspect of the case, even though one has to go to Austria to find it, and to depend on the enterprise of Le Mouvement, that very lively monthly with which Abbé Lugan is associated, for its publicity outside what is left of the dual monarchy. In their joint letter to the faithful, and all the more impressively because the body of the pastoral is concerned with the dangers of socialism, the Austrian bishops refer in unmistakable language to the growing menace of international finance and its creeping control over the bodies and souls of men.

"WITHIN modern times," say the bishops, "the world of finance has become, in certain countries, the veritable instrument of government. . . . What the masters of finance are engaged in today is the commission of crime in multiple form upon the multitude. It is the duty of ecclesiastics to recall to these masters of finance that they have duties of which the neglect may well entail the ruin of Europe. . . . Not only the worker, but many manufacturers, retailers, and the middle class generally are subject to them. . . . In recent years capitalism has become a positive Mammon, worthy of the worst epochs of paganism. Since plutocracy has been our ruler, everything turns into gold for the money-lords. The banks and speculation are bringing an ever-increasing number of people to a condition of veritable slavery."

MERE man will be encouraged by symptoms of feminine retardation and fidelity to long-established practice. He will read, with a grateful chuckle, the news supplied by Miss Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, concerning the failure of a parley in which representatives of various women's labor organizations were to share. "The committee," says the news, "has met four times. They have made recommendations, many of which have been incorporated in the outline of work to be done. We are now faced with the fact that half of the committee refuses to serve with the other half. After the failure of constant attempts to get this committee working as a whole, the only alternative we now have is to discontinue the meetings." According to eye-witnesses, the altercation was not so lively as that described with an evident gusto for detail by Henry Fielding, but the end thereof was a resolute mutual turning down of thumbs. Before mere man chuckles too fondly, however, he might well take heed

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of a recommendation embosomed in the experience. There is a very salutary something in this refusal by industrial women who disagree about the share which special legislation ought to take in the amelioration of conditions to compromise with principles in which they firmly believe. Man, as illustrated by Congress, has been juggling the issue of farm relief through an endless debate on the merits of the Haugen bill. And what is the result? A series of somersaulting provisos, benefiting now the grower of wheat and now the cultivator of cotton, have expanded what once looked like a sane and comparatively intelligent bill into an impossible compendium of vote-getting devices. It might, after all, have been both refreshing and helpful to see a clear-cut battle over a system of agricultural relief, with no quarter asked or given.

A PORTENT to which the Senate committee on the working of prohibition is familiarizing us, is the sudden appearance from nowhere, of individuals never before heard from or of, and who claim the right to speak for millions of citizens. Produced by interested organizations with the legerdemain of the conjuror evolving rabbits from the recesses of a silk hat, they step jauntily up to the bar of the Upper Branch, dictate, and where necessary, spell out their names to the official stenographer, launching forth into long statements whose portentous and sweeping character seems to be in inverse ratio to their own obscurity and bowing acquaintance with Lindley Murray. The Senate committee is growing a little hardened to these mushroom Solons, but its patience wilted a little not long ago, when E. L. Strivings, of Castile, New York, claiming to represent the National Grange Patrons of Husbandry, treated it to a lengthy paean on the blessings of aridity (for city-dwellers). Something in Mr. Strivings's literary style (he foresees a day when farmers may be asked "to work ten or fourteen hours in order to make possible the luxurious revelry of the wine-palace") or perhaps a reference to "sickly sentimentality from persons who slip their moorings through advancing age," slightly personal in the Senate chamber, aroused some of the committee to an interest in Mr. Strivings's credentials, and the following dialogue ensued:

MR. STRIVINGS: I represent the National Grange . . . Our national master, Mr. Louis J. Tabor, is in Rome at the present time—
Mr. Codman (interposing): Who appointed you to represent him?
Mr. Strivings: The executive committee and the national master.
Mr. Codman: And how large is that body?
Mr. Strivings: One million.
Mr. Codman: I mean your executive committee?
Mr. Strivings: Oh, three members.
Mr. Codman: So you were appointed by three men?
Mr. Strivings: Yes, sir.
Mr. Codman: To represent all of the farmers in this country?
Mr. Strivings: Yes, sir; all the farmers in our organization.

THE participation in the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago of an imposing delegation of the Church in France, after having been for some time in doubt, is now assured, La Vie Catholique announces. Monsignor Dubois, Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, will embark from Cherbourg upon the Aquitania. He will be accompanied by his auxiliary, Monsignor Chaptal; by Monsignor Leynaud, Archbishop of Algiers; Monsignor Grente, Bishop of Mans; and the rector of the Madeleine in Paris, Monsignor Flynn. Other French prelates, who, according to present arrangements, will participate in the ceremonies at Chicago, are Monsignor Charost, Cardinal-Archbishop of Rennes; Monsignor de la Villerabel, Archbishop of Rouen; and the bishops of Dijon and Montpellier. In the pastoral letter communicating the details of his forthcoming journey, Monsignor Dubois quotes the following passage from a letter of invitation addressed to him by Cardinal Mundelein: "For the first time America is to have the opportunity of greeting a cardinal of France. Be assured that our people are looking forward to welcoming Your Eminence during your sojourn among us."

A LESSON in tolerance which we are eager to commend has been given by the Reverend John Thompson, of Chicago, in a statement addressed to his fellow Protestants of the mid-western metropolis. After summing up the meaning of the Eucharistic Congress and commenting upon its importance as a gathering of multitudes in the name of faith, Dr. Thompson declared: "I am eager that Chicago shall do full justice to this momentous conference. I desire that the city surpass itself in hospitality and cordiality, and in the expression of good will. In what better way can we succeed in these things than by asking these numberless visitors to be guests in our homes? It is my conviction that every home should be opened to its capacity to receive the distinguished visitors to Chicago. It will impress the city's guests, and will bless the homes with a vision of the world-wide enterprise. It may well mean the renewal of religious life in the city. Therefore, I appeal to the people of Chicago, to Protestants, Catholics, and Jews alike, and to those of no creed at all, that every barrier and division vanish during the coming Eucharistic Congress, and that homes of all classes and creeds be opened to the visitors, and that the city be united in unstinted hospitality." Perhaps it is too much to expect a whole-hearted response to these words by Dr. Thompson. But there is no doubting his bravery and good will in uttering them.

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ONCE again a judge has been heard lamenting the reluctance of juries to bring in a verdict of which the result will be gallows or electric chair. But the argument of Supreme Court Justice William Harmon Black embodies the truly remarkable suggestion that the inhibition be overcome by extending the death penalty to cover other offenses, notably perjury in court. "Making death the punishment for perjury may not stop it," declares Judge Black. "But the first execution under such a law would probably be the best deterrent that the law could prescribe." Recently we have heard a distinguished senator recommending death as the punishment best calculated to stop the more flagrant violations of the Volstead Act. It is evident that there are legal and legislative minds to which the neatness and despatch, the general economic advantages of putting offenders underground rather than between walls, continues to appeal. "The plan at least had the merit of finality," Judge Black suggested. And he was referring to the gentle practice of the Romans in pushing offenders against truthful evidence over the edge of the Tarpeian Rock.

IT is significant that lawyers and judges generally have the lowest opinion of the evidence they are forced to listen to in the course of a civil or criminal trial. The feeling was voiced very pithily by the late Judge Bowen, a noted wit of the English bar, who assured his legal brethren hopefully that "truth will out, even in an affidavit." More recently, the retiring head of the divorce court, also in England, declared that half his time had been spent listening to perjured evidence, and that he had long ago given up expecting truth from any direct statement in the witness box. But it would be quite a mistake to imagine that this is a modern development. Nothing is so shocking to the modern sense of fair play as the stories of torture that we read in accounts of old trials. But, as Signor Corrado Ricci points out in his vivid history of the Cenci, published recently, it was really a perverse development of a practice designed to protect the accused. So unreliable had evidence become that a culprit might only be condemned to death upon his own confession, even if this had to be wrung out of him by cord and rack. One suggestion that might well figure among the 300 which Judge Black is reported to have collected for the bettering of criminal procedure, is more protection from the bench for a witness when an attempt is being made by contending counsel to shake his credibility by confusing him over matters of trivial detail. A word from the judge intimating that he at least is satisfied the witness is telling a straight story would have immense weight with any unprejudiced jury, even if it risked appeal for a new trial.

AT its fifty-third annual meeting, held recently in the city of Cleveland, the National Conference of Social Work elected, as its president, Mr. John A. Lapp. This is, of course, a great and deserved honor for man whose life has been so completely and intelligentl devoted to the service of society. It is also a tribut to Catholic America, which Dr. Lapp has represente in a very especial manner as director of the socia action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Neither the conference nor the nation it serves could point to a citizen whose written and spoken words, together with his resourceful activity, have been so wholehearted at the beck and call of the endangered and destitute. The National Conference of Social Work has a remarkable record of achievement. It has brought together annually in conference all of the great forces working for human betterment in charities and philanthropic agencies conducted by churches of all denominations—private charitable organizations and public welfare institutions, and men and women of all walks of life interested in social betterment. Dr. Lapp is the third Catholic to have been honored with the presidency. Among his predecessors are numbered such distinguished persons as Jane Addams, Homer Folks, and—from within the membership of his own church—Father Francis Gavisk and Thomas Mulry.

IN conferring the honor of the Knighthood of Saint Gregory the Great upon Dr. Condé B. Pallen, the Holy Father has given an added sign of his special interest in Catholic letters and of his appreciation of good service in the field of Catholic thought. Dr. Pallen's devotion to American Catholicity may seriously be termed heroic from the days of his graduation at Georgetown University, through a strenuous period of editorial labor on Church Progress and the Catholic World, eminent service at the congresses, universities, and colleges of the Faith, and a whole-souled surrender of all his forces for the advancement and completion of the Catholic Encyclopedia, of which he was the managing editor. The Knighthood of Saint Gregory the Great rests on no worthier shoulders in the United States; this recognition of personal and intellectual merits is an encouragement to study and cultivated effort among our young men and women, and a proper coronation of the ardent labor in literature, scholarship, and journalism that may be reverently acknowledged as marking the entire career of Dr. Pallen.

THE arrival in the United States of the Crown Prince of Sweden and his consort, together with the attendant Swedish celebrations in Washington, D. C., and elsewhere, coincides significantly with the commemoration of the founding of Manhattan. Peter Minuit, the first governor of the New Netherland colony, was recalled in 1632; and from this recall Sweden subsequently derived profit. So extensive had been the alienation of land under Minuit, which he had disposed of as manors and lordships, and conferred, by grants of his

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own, that violent disputes arose among the settlers in New Netherland. Of course, the monopoly of the crown was adverse to the mighty patroons; and the position of Minuit, naturally the guardian of the company's rights, but disposed to do justice to the interests of all, was of a kind calculated to raise up against him powerful enemies both in Holland and America. Complaints having been made to the directors of the company at Amsterdam, Minuit was recalled; and after an extraordinarily unlucky return voyage, during which he lost a valuable cargo of furs and all his belongings, he found it impossible to explain his conduct to the satisfaction of his employers and was dismissed from the service. Shortly afterward, he appeared in Sweden, which was then governed by Queen Christina, later a Catholic and of Roman fame. There he renewed the proposals which had previously been made to Gustavus Adolphus by William Usselinx, for the establishment of a Swedish colony on the Delaware. Usselinx was the projector of plans which the Swedish king adopted; and a company which received the grant of a charter was restrained from action only by the German war and the king's death.

MINUIT'S experience in the government of New Netherland, his knowledge of the country and its resources, and of the locations favorable for trade, recommended him to the officers of Queen Christina. Oxenstiern, the great Swedish minister, finally appointed Minuit to command and direct this expedition. A small vessel of war and a tender were placed at Minuit's disposal, well freighted with provisions, ammunitions, and the various goods suited to the market of the new world. Minuit set sail from Gottenburg early in 1638, accompanied by a band of some fifty Swedes, and reached the Delaware in the month of April, 1638. On his arrival, his vessel was boarded by some of the Dutch residents, and the commissary called on him to produce his commission. This he refused to do, asserting that his queen had as much right there as the present Dutch settlers, and that he should at once proceed to erect a fort. Minuit, contrary to what the other Dutch had done, purchased lands of the Indians and built a trading house and fort, some five Dutch miles from Nassau, near the present site of the city of Wilmington. He called the fort Christina. "During the following years," says Acrelius, "Minuit did great services to this first Swedish colony in the United States. He protected the small fort, Christina, which in his time the Dutch never attempted to attack." Minuit died there in 1641.

WITH its flimsy Nuremberg peaks thrust into the skyline of aesthetic Greenwich Village, the "Dream House," home of artists thereby rescued from the park benches and South Chicago, proves that it has become a reality. Or is the word "reality" too harsh—too remote from those delicately veiled regions of idea in which true art settles down with all the naturalness of a lumberjack crawling into his bunk after a hard day? At any rate, Mr. Otto H. Kahn has footed the inconsequential bill, Mr. Harry Wagstaff Gribble has risen to hitherto unsuspected heights by helping to sign a tribute, and Mr. Clifford Reed Daily has got his name in the papers. Rarely has an edifice braved the weather with so systematic a dedicatory manifesto. Everybody of importance to art, from the god Pan to the "Old Catholic" archbishop of Chicago, helped to give the Nuremberg peaks a send-off; and it is even rumored that the two dozen acorns which the Princess Troubetzkoy roasted to a crisp came from no less Olympian a territory than Central Park. But of course, as is becoming to occasions like this, "the legendary rites of Dionysius" ran away with all the honors. In an awful sacrificial moment, Miss Mabel Normand cut her finger, thus giving the sinister old demi-divine reveler a thrill the like of which has not come his way since the morning when a nice young lady of Crete stubbed her toe in his honor. Art is now safe; and we may sit back comfortably and applaud Mr. Van Loon's fierce denunciation of the habit of gathering old truck, realizing full well that we shall get a cargo brand-new.

WHAT will always be remembered as the "bathtub case" has its ludicrous aspects, and the hearty fellows who have grown fat and prosperous on laughter are within their competence in laying stress upon them. We need not join them too wholeheartedly. It is not necessary for a case to be tragic to throw tragic light on the dark places where so many of our deplored social ills are manufactured. At a certain point in the court procedure, the presiding judge had occasion to remind counsel that the young girl whose latest alias was Joyce Hawley rested under the protection of the court. Many will think it a pity the protection did not begin five or six years earlier. With its sordid detail of "lingerie poses," "gentlemen friends," of theatrical panders with their bruiser body-guard, of aging voluptuaries who crowded a stage to see this witless waif from the West wheedled or bribed out of elemental decency, there is a kind of insipid infamy all its own. It is the sort of case that strikes the answer from one's lips when the sensationalist and pharisee seek to attach the taint of Sodom or Babylon to a city that is filled with lofty thinking and magnanimous endeavor. If the dictum of Mr. Irvin Cobb be accepted—if a party where a stripped and frightened child is first coaxed into immodesty and then scared from the stage with curses by her impresario when her "turn" is over, is perfectly proper, "measured by Broadway standards" —the sooner measurements are readjusted the better. New York is as much bigger than Broadway, as, God be thanked, it is better.

THE new Loyolan quarterly, Thought, makes its first appearance in a June issue that will be welcomed by

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all scholars and book-lovers interested in the science and letters of the day. Thought enters upon a field already occupied by the Yale Review, the Dublin Review, Studies, the Hibbert Journal, and the Ecclesiastical Review, but there is room for a serious journal of open opinion in America, and there is a great work beckoning ahead to the learned editors of the new quarterly. The intervals between each issue will enable the editors to deliberate on policies and matters of scholarship and taste in a way difficult, if not impossible, in the preparation of periodicals of more frequent publication: this will contribute to the ripeness of judgment which we may expect from Thought, of which its impressive list of editors gives ample promise. The June issue brings a sesquicentennial essay on The Catholic Church in the United States (1776-1926) by the brilliant scholar, Dr. Peter Guilday; a literary essay by Father James J. Daly, the finest of the Jesuit critics; an able paper on Miguel Molinos by Montgomery Carmichael; and a lofty theological poem, Angelicus, by Father Feeney. Father Moorhouse F. X. Millar discusses Scholastic Philosophy and American Political Theory in a masterly manner, followed by a series of reviews of serious books worthy of notice, by well-known Catholic authorities. The Commonweal offers its warmest welcome to its new brother-in-arms, wishing it long life, good work, and prosperity on the lofty plane in which it is to operate.

SO much has been written regarding romantic achievements of the Spanish in the Americas that it is only inevitable, as was pointed out by Dr. William R. Shepherd in a recent address to the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, that many people, hearing of the mad quest for gold, the destruction of native empires, and visionary explorations into the wilderness, have come to look upon these representatives of Spain in the light of a great misconception. On the other hand, so much attention has recently been given to Spanish art, letters, and architecture, that the hard, practical, and industrious side of the splendid Spanish empire has been overlooked almost entirely. Dr. Shepherd declares that: "For her vast empire in the new world Spain devised in the Laws of the Indies, a magnificent monument of legislation, without parallel in the enactments provided by a governing people for the governed. No code of the sort compiled by any other nation before or since has surpassed or even equalled it: not because of the marvelous machinery of administration alone which it contained, but because of the sheer spirit of humanity with which it was pervaded, converting into legal formulas the second commandment of the New Dispensation: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!' "

"FROM this great body of colonial enactments," continued Dr. Shepherd, "which hark back to the famous Siete Partidas of Alfonso the Wise of Castile, passed through the crucible of Mexican law-making, and modified by that of certain of our western states, have been derived highly important features of the law in those commonwealths and of our national legislation. Among them is the introduction of the garrantial system, or the community of interest in the property of husband and wife, whereby the disposition of the common fund cannot be varied by the parties even through mutual agreement, and its devolution can be changed only by the order of a court. This arrangement, so just to wife and so befitting the young democracy of the Far West, stands out in sharp contrast to the principle of the old common law of England, obtaining for a long period in the eastern states, which made the husband virtually the controller, if not also the owner, of the wife's property. Another legal conception proceeding ultimately from Spain is the right to use the waters of a running stream for purposes of irrigation or the production of power, without heed necessarily to the private ownership of the land through which they flow, and thus to thwart anew the common law that enabled the proprietors of either bank to forbid such use of the waters even if, dog-in-the-manger-like, they did not themselves make use of them. A third benefit to us of the Spanish legal system is the present practice of our government to grant a lease of the privilege of exploiting the natural resources of an area, whether of mines or minerals or some other public utility, instead of giving away outright, as it had done, the land on which they are situated or selling it at merely a nominal price. The original laws of the state of Louisiana, furthermore, concerned with promises, obligations, sale, purchase and exchange were founded upon the Siete Partidas."

THE scholarship of the reigning Holy Father, Pius XI, is amply proved by his work as an author and investigator. The extent to which interest in intellectual matters flavors his daily life is, however, not nearly so familiarly known. M. Carlo Prati's charming book, Papes et Cardinaux dans la Rome Moderne, recounts a number of pertinent anecdotes, among the best of which is the following: "M. Edouard Champion, the well-known French publisher of erudite and historical books, once visited Rome, and being a good Catholic, he sought the good offices of his embassy to obtain an audience, if only as a member of a group, with the Pope. To his great surprise, just as he was sitting down to breakfast, a messenger from the Vatican arrived with a letter marked urgent. It contained an invitation to a private audience. M. Champion, delighted with the news, rushed into a taxi and hurried off. He met with a gracious reception from Pius XI, who proved that he was perfectly familiar with everything which the firm on the Quai Malaquais had issued. The Holy Father mentioned several books which M. Champion had edited, and discussed them critically, though on the whole, benevolently. 'In such and such

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a book dealing with Roman history, published in such and such a year,' observed the Pope, 'there are some errors I would like to point out to you, on such and such pages.' Naturally enough, M. Champion was almost robbed of his breath. Pius XI, however, did not limit his remarks to details. He began a conversation with his intelligent guest concerning the literature of the langue d'oc and of the langue d'oil prior to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—a literature which, as everybody knows, is one of the most important specialties of the firm of Champion."

WHO IS MASARYK?

THE rise of Czecho-Slovakia since the close of the war has created a rather unique European problem, for reasons partly domestic and partly international in character. An agreement drawn up in Pittsburgh between representatives of the two races merged in the new republic was largely responsible for the effort toward harmonious nationalization which followed the break-up of the old empire. The figure who, at that time, seemed to symbolize the possibilities of the future was Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, President for life of the Czecho-Slovakian people. By birth and education he seems to be a Slovak, although the Bohemians also claim him for their own. During the major period of the time covered by his active life —he was born in 1850—Masaryk has been closely associated with the movement to uproot the Hapsburg monarchy.

Just now he is once again an interesting figure, because of the constant intensification of that political disaffection and those economic difficulties which have haunted the Czecho-Slovakian republic from the beginning of its existence in 1918. The persistent demand by educated Slovaks for a larger share in the conduct of the government; their conviction—in itself very reasonable—that the administration of local affairs in Slovakia be made autonomous, have been deliberately ignored by the Czechs. Accordingly the discontented groups have turned away from Prague and begun a homeward march toward Bratislava, the capital of their own state. This separatist movement has become a dangerous situation, menacing as it does the existence of the republic and presenting in new form the problem of Austria-Hungary.

Unless remedies are found and applied, disorder is almost sure to appear. The Autonomist party, headed by Hlinka, will, if matters do not improve, adopt the program of a separate wing of the party—that is, 150,000 electors out of a total of 475,000 who voted for Hlinka at the last election in Slovakia—which is led by Tuka, a new leader who is daily winning more support in Slovakia and is advocating some form of restored union with Hungary. A great deal naturally depends upon the unifying influence that can be exerted by men like Masaryk, who have been so closely identified with the Czecho-Slovakian rise to independence.

Who is Masaryk? The following answer has been prepared by Mr. Stephen J. Palickar, a student of the situation and a writer on Slovakian history:

"Mr. Masaryk's father was a gamekeeper on one of the imperial estates in Moravia. When the lad was fifteen years of age, and still barely able to read or write, he was urged by his parents to take employment with the village blacksmith. This did not appeal to him—he wanted to be something more than a humble blacksmith. He had an innate desire for knowledge and adventure. He went to Vienna where he became an apprentice to a locksmith. It was but a short time when he discovered that this also was not his vocation. He fled from it and returned to his parents' cottage. With the aid of a truly benevolent Catholic priest of the village, who perceived the spark that glowed in him, he was finally given an education. He studied in Prague, Vienna, and later at the University of Leipzig; and while still a young man, he was appointed a professor in the University of Prague.

"At the outbreak of the world war he fled to Italy and then to Switzerland, later settling in London. It was while in this city that he succeeded in organizing, with the aid of Hlinka, Stefanik, Benes, and other Czecho-Slovaks, a movement for Czecho-Slovakia's independence. After the war he entered Prague in triumph.

"In religion Masaryk differed greatly from that of his fellow man. His conception of a true religion was somewhat paradoxical in itself. Shortly after he had entered the University of Prague he became a slightly overdrawn Hussite saint, but he had never followed the real tenets of Hussitism. Though born a Catholic, he has spent a great deal of his life in fighting Christianity. His name became anathema not only with the Church of his fathers, but with the churches in general.

"It may be somewhat of a surprise to those that wished to call themselves Masaryk's followers who are still preaching the ideals which he himself has long discarded, to know that his adversative feeling toward the Catholic Church has long been subdued. As evidence of this it was only recently that Mr. Masaryk made a gift of 100,000 crowns toward the completion of the Prague Cathedral that the Catholics started to build centuries ago and which is expected to be finished in time for the celebration of Saint Wenceslaus Day in 1929, which will mark the one-thousandth anniversary of the martyrdom of Saint Wenceslaus. Old age and the death of Masaryk's wife are said to be responsible for this change of attitude. 'I have fully realized,' said Mr. Masaryk to a recent interviewer, 'that the development of the world is declining from Protestantism and is inclining to Catholicism. It is no use trying to hide this fact from oneself. I have been studying Catholicism for some time now and all my studies have revealed it.' "

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THE GREAT STRIKE IN BRITAIN

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

THE general strike was a blow with a weapon that has been flourished in the face of England for many years. It was talked about by the Syndicalists before the war; it became a live issue under the Coalition government after the war. The Labor party had been reduced to parliamentary insignificance at the general election of 1918 when the country was under the rather Chauvinistic influence of the war. The mine-workers demanded nationalization of the mines. They knew that no measure of nationalization would come from the Coalition government except under duress, and despairing of political or constitutional action, they turned to industrial or "direct" action—which meant a general strike.

The miners were direct actionists for the simple reason that they believed direct action, or the threat of it, would force the government to take over the mines. The "reds" (to use a conveniently vague expression) in all the unions and in the Labor movement generally were in favor of direct action as an instalment of revolution. The majority in the Labor movement, however, and the parliamentary leaders to a man, were opposed to direct action, that is to say, to the use of the strike weapon for political ends. Some of the parliamentary leaders like MacDonald and Snowden were not trade-unionists; others, like Thomas and Henderson and Clynes were at the head of powerful unions, besides being front-benchers in the House of Commons. These men unequivocally and untiringly anathematized the general strike. When the strike took place at their call, their opponents were able to quote columns of these old anathemas against them.

It was when the workers felt politically feeble that they were disposed toward direct action. The tremendous political advance marked by the Labor government of 1924 appeared to have relegated direct action to oblivion. The workers had a demonstration of the power they could gain by political, constitutional means. What was the need, then, of such a doubtful and dangerous weapon as the general strike?

The Communists, distrusting political action on principle, and looking to a revolution, remained the zealous advocates of every strike—the more general the better. But the Communists counted for very little.

Meanwhile, the economic crisis in the coal-fields was developing. It had been postponed by the American coal strike of 1922 which temporarily increased the demand for British coal, and it was again postponed by the stoppage of the Ruhr mines in 1923. World prices for coal have not enabled British coal-mining to be carried on profitably while a living wage was paid to the miners. Last year the mine-owners made proposals for reducing wages. They proposed wages so shockingly low that the publication of the figures made even Conservative newspapers exclaim in horror. The figures, one imagines, were not the highest the owners would have offered if there had been negotiations. The miners, however, shrewdly took advantage of the state of public opinion by refusing to negotiate on the basis of such figures. The Trades Union Congress through its ruling body, the General Council, declared that if the miners were locked out there would be an absolute embargo on all movement of coal. No ship could be bunkered with coal—no train could carry coal—no vehicle could take any coal by road.

Such an embargo on all transport dependent on coal would have been almost as paralyzing industrially as a general strike. The government averted the crisis by offering a subsidy to the industry. The subsidy was sufficient to bridge the difference between the wages the miners were then getting and the reduced rates offered by the owners. The subsidy was to last for nine months, during which time a Royal Commission would investigate the conditions of the mining industry and make recommendations for its improvement.

The commission produced its report—admittedly a masterly document. It made a number of carefully balanced recommendations which would have required sacrifices from the government, the miners, and the mine-owners. The sacrifice required from the miners was agreement to reduced wages, the amount of the reduction not being specified by the report. The subsidy was due to end on May 1. Between the issue of the report and that date there were negotiations between the parties, but these led to no agreement. The miners took the position that their wages were already below a living level and they would agree to no reductions. The mine-owners did not put forward any definite proposals till the last minute. They remembered last year when their figures were not used as a basis for discussion but as ammunition against them. When they did put forward proposals, they expressed them, not in definite figures, but in percentages which only experts could translate, and that only approximately—into figures of actual earnings in the different districts. The wages were described, however, by the owners themselves as "miserable"; though they declared them to be the utmost the industry could afford. The epithet "miserable" was fully deserved. Hundreds of thousands of workers were offered no more than two pounds a week.

The position was complicated by the fact that the miners insisted on a uniform national percentage in-

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stead of varying district percentages. The basis wages, of course, would not be uniform. The miners have found by long experience that district agreements lead to cut-throat competition between the districts; and their views on this point were endorsed by the Royal Commission. Now the conditions of the districts vary greatly, not only for geological, but for economic reasons. The districts supplying domestic coal are fairly prosperous; the districts producing coal for export are half-bankrupt. A uniform national percentage had to be low enough to suit the capacity of the poorest district, and therefore when the owners made a national offer it was lower than they would have made for many of the districts.

Details, however, are unimportant, for the miners flatly refused to agree to any reductions at all. As they did not claim that the mine-owners could pay the wages they demanded without a continuance of government subsidy, they must have hoped that obduracy would force the government again to purchase industrial peace by paying them their price. They would not have thought of the situation quite in this way. No doubt they thought that as they were demanding no more than a bare living wage, their only possible policy was to refuse to take anything less and make other parties find means of paying it.

A conference of the executive committees of all the trade unions was held in London toward the end of April. On Saturday, May 1, this conference decided on a general strike to begin on May 4, if the miners had not been able to come to an agreement with their employers by that date. The trade-union executives showed an unexpected degree of unanimity in their decision. It was still possible, however, that the government might be brought to patch up a peace in the two days that were to elapse before the general strike was scheduled to begin. All the unions agreed to place the direction of affairs in the hands of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. The principal leaders of the General Council were known to be moderate men.

Representatives of the General Council and of the government were in negotiation on Sunday, May 2. The General Council asked the government to continue the subsidy for another fortnight while negotiations proceeded. The government replied that it would consent to this only if there were a prospect of a settlement within the fortnight; and there could be no such prospect unless the miners agreed in principle to accept the Royal Commission's recommendation as to a reduction of wages. There were three negotiators for the government and three for the General Council, and the following formula was drafted as expressing the furthest limit of concession that could be obtained from the latter:

"We will urge the miners to authorize us to enter on a discussion with the understanding that they and we accept the report as a basis of settlement; and we approve it with the knowledge that it may involve some reduction of wages."

It was about midnight when this formula was reached. The two sets of negotiators went to their respective principals, the Cabinet and the General Council, to see if the formula was acceptable. The General Council, after some debate, accepted the formula and their next step was to try and get it accepted by the leaders of the miners. They were engaged in this task when they received an intimation from the government that all negotiations were broken off and could not be resumed unless the General Council canceled the order for a general strike. The government gave as the reason for its sudden ultimatum that the other side had not only declared war by ordering a general strike, but actual fighting had commenced because printers had refused to print the Daily Mail unless an editorial was revised to their liking.

The Cabinet had been undecided whether they should, under threat of a general strike, make every possible effort for peace or whether they should regard the threat as a challenge to the constitution and fight it to a finish. The fight-to-a-finish decision was precipitated by the Daily Mail incident, which was held to involve the freedom of the press. Whether the "formula" could have averted the general strike is now a question which will be forever debated and never settled.

The response of the members of the trade unions to the strike call was an astounding display of working-class solidarity. It was far beyond the expectations of the leaders who trusted rather to the threat of a general strike than to its execution as a means of frightening the government. The government was well prepared with its strike-breaking plans. The trade unions, anxious to conciliate public opinion, had made a curious declaration that they themselves would be responsible for food distribution in the event of a strike. The government, however, refused to entrust such a responsibility to the trade unions or even to share responsibility with them. After one or two days, the trade unions ceased to give any assistance in the maintenance of food supplies.

Milk was the most perishable of essential foodstuffs, and thanks to excellent organization and coöperation by the farmers, the dairy companies, and the government, the people got their milk at their doorsteps in good time for breakfast. Other foodstuffs had been moved from the docks under military protection. The power stations for the electric railways were worked by naval men. The trains themselves were run by hastily-trained "volunteers." The volunteers were largely college students, and retired and reserve officers of the army and navy. Passenger transport by road was largely a matter of individual improvisation, but it was very effective. In one half of London, no "blackleg" vehicle was safe on the streets without strong protection, while in the other half it was

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sure of the sympathy of all passers-by and immune from interference.

The trade unions did not try to stop safety and sanitary services, such as fire brigades and street cleaning. They did not want to interfere with electricity and gas supplies for domestic purposes, and consequently they had to tolerate the supply of power for industrial purposes. The strikers were content with withdrawing their labor and with "peaceful picketing." They did not resort to sabotage. Disorderly incidents occurred here and there, but they were of no importance. There was the most marvelous good humor and good behavior among all classes. There was very little bitterness. As nearly half the adult population of the country was acting on the instructions of the General Council, it seems rather unreal to speak of the strikers attacking the "community," though there is a sense in which it is true; for the strikers were attacking the whole community of which they themselves were a considerable part. It was universally recognized that the strikers were doing what they thought would help the miners, and everybody sympathized with the miners. So, though people did their utmost to "carry on" and defeat the strike, they bore no ill will to the strikers.

The position of the unions was seriously menaced when Mr. Justice Astbury declared that the general strike was illegal; that it was not a trade dispute, and could not claim the protection of the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 which is the modern charter of British trade-unionism. It appeared that as a result of this decision, the unions could be sued corporately for damages due to the strike; the leaders of the unions could be sued personally for inciting men to an illegal strike; and that the unions could be restrained from using their funds to pay benefits to men engaged in an illegal strike.

The strike was suddenly called off on its ninth day. It had not broken down. The strikers were as solid on the ninth day as they had been on the first, and there was no sign of any weakening in their ranks. But the position was hopeless, and the General Council knew it. Legally, they had not a leg to stand on. Moreover, the continuance of the strike was not hurting the mine-owners as such, and it was not hurting the government as such. It was only hurting and weakening and exhausting the country, so that even if the strike "won" in the sense that the government was made to sue for peace, there would be less capacity in the mining industry and every other industry to afford decent wages. The strike was abandoned because of its inanity. The General Council showed moral courage in stopping it so soon. It is probable that the principal leaders never intended there should be a strike. They were trying to bluff the government, but the bluff was called.

While the Protestant churches in England sat upon the fence during the crisis, and preached platitudes to both sides, Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, said:

> There is no justification for a general strike of this character. It is a direct challenge to lawfully constituted authority, and inflicts, without adequate reason, immense discomfort and injury on millions of our fellow-countrymen. It is, therefore, a sin against the obedience we owe to God, Who is the source of that authority, and against the charity and brotherly love which is due to our brethren.
>
> All are bound to uphold and assist the government, which is the lawfully constituted authority of the country, and represents, therefore, in its own sphere, the authority of God Himself.

The overwhelming majority of Catholics in England are wage-earners, and they are generally very staunch trade-unionists. Catholics are particularly numerous among the miners and the dockers who were in the forefront of the industrial struggle. It was a grave thing for the Cardinal-Archbishop in these circumstances, before there was any evidence that the strike would fail, to denounce it as wrong and sinful. Some well-meaning but ill-advised Catholic Labor M. P.'s have publicly reproved His Eminence for his declaration; but the outcome of the general strike has provided a speedy justification of the Cardinal. The general strike is discredited, morally and practically.

Butterflies

Butterflies are flowers that flee
With some wind we cannot see
From their parent bush or tree.

See! The other flowers try
To leave, too, when winds go by.
Though they yearn to, they can't fly.

They're not brave enough to rise
From their station, I surmise,
Like those rebels, butterflies.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Intempestiva

Once more the lumb'ring earth heaves its chill flank
Through tempered sun and blessedness of rain;
Spring wears to summer; now forget thy pain
With quickened pulse the quickening season thank.
Leave thy close room, that, couched 'mid grasses rank,
While a wood's warbled woes for thine complain,
Nature thy wounded heart may salve again,
With simples that of old Antaeus drank.

But stir me not! My soul begins to tire,
With loveless summer sated, and is grown
Kin to the winter it was wont to hate.
For I could weep because they quench my fire,
Flinging the windows open, and have strown
Forgotten flowers on the empty grate.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN POLAND

By ROBERT H. LORD

(Knowledge of the actual political and economic difficulties of modern Poland lends to the following article by Professor Lord, of Harvard University, unusual pertinence and timeliness. The author has been a close student of Polish history and served as American civilian representative on the first Inter-allied Commission to Poland.—The Editors.)

ENGLAND facing the gravest industrial crisis in her history; France standing once more on the Marne, this time against a financial catastrophe; the feverish fluctuations in the moods and movements of Germany; the forgery scandal in Hungary; the resounding sensations that each week come out of Italy—such symptoms show that in spite of the more favorable auguries with which the year 1925 closed, Europe is still in the agonies of post-war convalescence.

In such circumstances, the news from Warsaw, disquieting and deplorable as it is, need scarcely excite any special wonder, or be taken as proof of the incurable levity or hopeless political incapacity of the Poles. But Poland suffers from a "damnosa hereditas": it is peculiarly liable to be misjudged by the outside world, because the average foreigner knows nothing of Polish affairs save from hazy memories of what his school-books said about the sad state of the country at the time of the partitions. And there are among us all too many journalistic Cassandras who, for most diverse but seldom quite objective reasons, have always delighted to regale us with jeremiads on the theme, "How long will Poland last?"

At bottom, the recent overturn at Warsaw may be set down as a repercussion of the grave economic crisis through which the country has been passing. It is only fair to recall that this reborn republic began its career under extraordinarily difficult conditions. We are prone to forget that during the world war Poland was the eastern front. Most of the fighting in the east took place in what is now Polish territory. Russians, Germans, and Austrians alike conscientiously plundered the country. Poland suffered almost as much as France or Belgium, and more, perhaps, than any other large region of eastern Europe. By the time of the Armistice, it was a half-ruined country: its once flourishing industries quite at a standstill, the railroads almost paralyzed, many towns and districts looking like the worst regions in northern France, the food and fuel supply utterly disorganized, and famine, typhus, and other epidemics devastating wide areas. Moreover, the war was not yet over as far as Poland was concerned. There followed eight months' fighting with the Ukrainians over Eastern Galicia, and the two-year war with the Bolshevists. Not until the Treaty of Riga in 1921 was Poland at peace with all the world, after seven years of continuous warfare; and not till 1923 were all the frontiers settled and the danger of foreign complications temporarily, at least, removed.

Meanwhile, the new government had had to face every other kind of urgent and difficult task. It had at the start neither money, nor credit, nor an army, nor a civil service, nor much of a trained personnel to draw upon. The people were suffering from such an accumulation of miseries, privations, and war-shocks that it is a wonder that they did not turn Bolshevik—they had every incentive that has driven the Russians into it—and equally a wonder that for seven years, at least, they have resisted the contrary temptation of seeking salvation in a dictator. If all the circumstances are considered, the amount of reconstruction, political, economic, and educational, that has been accomplished since 1918 would seem to form a very creditable and reassuring record.

Nevertheless, on the economic side particularly, there are also grave failures to record, whose results are patent today. During the first five years, under the combined effects of the world war, the Bolshevist war, the huge expenses attendant upon the organization of a new state and the rebuilding of a half-ruined country, the extravagance of well-meaning but ill-trained administrators, and the reluctance of a sorely-tried people to pay taxes, there was always a deficit in the budget, and the Polish government—not quite alone in that—supported itself mainly by the printing press. By 1923 the game was up, and Poland, like Germany and Russia, went through a complete economic débâcle. Then in 1924 the Grabski cabinet made a vigorous attempt both to reorganize and stabilize the currency, and to balance the budget by drastic taxation and retrenchment. We have seen enough lately of similar attempts elsewhere to know that they involve very painful experiences for the peoples concerned and that they do not always succeed at the first trial. In Poland the new policy, after meeting with much apparent success at the outset, has plunged the country into a new economic depression and a wave of nervousness and pessimism that go far toward explaining the recent upheaval at Warsaw.

The main features of the situation are familiar enough from deflation periods in other countries. After the factitious and hectic prosperity of the years of boundless inflation and vertiginously rising prices, after the attendant orgies of speculation and spending, after the vast multiplication of mushroom banks and industries, there has now come a period marked by high taxes, the withdrawal of state aid to industry, cruelly shrunken markets, the collapse of credit facilities, widespread failures and bankruptcies, extensive unemploy-

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ment, struggles between capital and labor over wages, and much-resented reductions in the number and in the salaries both of civil servants and, in particular, of army officers. All this might still have been borne somehow if meantime the reforms that necessitated it seemed to be attaining their aim. But last autumn the new zloty currency began to tumble, and by December had depreciated to half its face value. This disaster seems to have been due primarily to the exceptionally bad crops of 1924, to the resulting unfavorable balance of trade, and to the nervousness of a public prone to believe that the zloty was likely to go the same way as the mark.

Since December this depreciation has been halted and the zloty has recovered about two-thirds of its nominal value. Thanks to the excellent harvest of 1925 and to various governmental measures, the monthly balance of trade has again become steadily favorable. But meanwhile a formidable deficit has again cropped up in the state budget, to the despair of a public which is aching in every joint from the effects of business depression, feels itself to be already taxed to the limit of its endurance, and hates to pledge its natural resources or its future in return for a foreign loan at usurious rates of interest. In short, after all the vicissitudes, sufferings, setbacks, and discouragements of the past twelve years, Poland's nerves are, for the moment, badly on edge. And what under such circumstances is more natural, though regrettable, than for the public or for the opposition parties to ascribe these economic woes to the political wickedness of those in power and to resolve, finally, to drive the alleged rascals out, by force if need be?

At this point one confronts a second factor of fundamental importance in the situation, the acute rivalry that has so long existed between the groups or loose conditions of parties called the Right and the Left. This rivalry (if one is not to trace it back to 1863 or 1830) goes back at least to the early years of the present century. In the period around 1905 the groups of the Left, among whom Pilsudski was already a prominent figure, were prone to attempt a revolutionary uprising against Russia. The Right, recruited from the landed gentry and the more substantial business men, opposed so hazardous a venture. In the years just before the world war the Left, regarding Russia as the worst national enemy, adopted an Austrophile "orientation"; while the Right, regarding Germany as Poland's deadliest foe, inclined toward Russia. When the war came, the two parties with equal patriotic eagerness to work for national liberation, chose opposite means for attaining this goal. Pilsudski formed his famous legions to fight on the Austrian side. The opposing groups raised forces to fight for the entente. And each party for four long years denounced the other to the public and to the belligerent governments, with a bitterness sprung from the desperate belief that its policy was the only right one and that the opposite camp by its insane course was ruining Poland's prospects at the supreme moment of her history.

The post-war years have added ample new material for combat. The two camps have struggled fiercely over constitutional questions, over the amount of territory to be striven for, over the treatment of the minority races, over the agrarian reform. What has particularly aggravated the tension has been the fact that in the Diet the two groups have been so evenly balanced that the secession of a small fraction from one side to the other would displace the balance of power. Neither side has been able to maintain itself at the helm for long, or had a fair chance to carry out its policies. Each side has merely been able to block, defeat, and exasperate the other. Personal animosities have also entered in—inevitably, since most of the leading politicians have been a long time upon the stage, and have had a chance to collect a fine mass of old scores and grudges against each other. Finally, the economic crisis, coupled with certain personal feuds and with various political manoeuvres about which it is difficult to gain certain knowledge at a distance, has come to precipitate an explosion of the animosities accumulated through twenty years of combats. After seven years of fairly exemplary constitutionalism, Poland has witnessed a coup d'état—and curiously enough, one carried out by a general, who is both a nobleman and a socialist, representing the radical parties, against a peasant prime minister championed by the conservatives.

If such things must be, perhaps it is fortunate that the victor should be Pilsudski. For no other living Pole commands such widespread and enthusiastic loyalty among his compatriots, especially among the sorely-tried working classes. No other has in the past given stronger proofs of patriotism, integrity, energy, and will power. His career for nearly forty years now has been so filled with adventures and sufferings, hairbreadth escapes and unexpected triumphs, that it may fitly be compared with Garibaldi's; and, in spite of the hostility with which the Right has always pursued him, his is a name to conjure with. Moreover, from his fundamental honesty and loyalty to liberal principles (liberal, far more than socialist, is the proper label for him) it may perhaps be presumed that he will be inclined, far more than many men would be in his place, to spare the country a dictatorship and to return as early as possible to normal constitutional methods. Some very real advantages might accrue to the nation from his presence at the helm at this time: a more conciliatory policy toward the minority races, a more rapid and thoroughgoing application of the agrarian reform and—if he has a definite program—the restoration of the state's finances by a government popular enough to impose upon the country the sacrifices necessary.

In foreign policy no considerable changes seem

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likely in case the new government establishes itself. Poland's relations with France, Germany, and Russia are governed too completely by the inexorable logic of the post-war situation to be seriously affected by a change from Right to Left in the ruling spheres at Warsaw. The most that can be said is that the prestige of the republic abroad, which has grown very perceptibly in the past five years through the prudent and moderate policy of MM. Skirmunt and Skrzynski, will not be raised by the latest events; and that Poland has probably played away what chances she still possessed of securing a seat in the Council of the League of Nations.

It is hard to deny that Marshal Pilsudski has set a deplorable example. At the moment of writing, it is still uncertain whether the parties of the Right will decide to refrain from a counter-stroke, or whether the two sides can agree upon what would seem to be the only right way out of the imbroglio: a fair and free election of a new president, and then of a new parliament. At any rate, it may be as well not to exaggerate the gravity of what has happened thus far. There are few countries in Europe that have escaped some flurry of violence in these last stormy seven years. All newly emancipated nations have had to learn the lesson of self-government by painful experience. As Macaulay wrote, "There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces—and that cure is freedom."

If one but recalls the prophecies made even by such clever observers as Disraeli in the 1860's that the new Kingdom of Italy must infallibly dissolve again into the fragments out of which it had grown, or the equally dismal forecasts current about 1785 that American union and independence would soon be a thing of the past, one may be less ready to draw extreme conclusions from the present troubles of Poland.

Even so, it is to be hoped that the victor of the hour will realize that the time for Garibaldian romanticism is past, and that what Poland needs is a new Cavour—a statesman who, under equally trying circumstances, always refused to overstep the constitution by a hair's breadth.

SCIENCE AND SANCTITY

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A FEW years before the great war, there were three significant observers in the sociological watch-towers of the western world. One of them, Henry Adams, published in 1910 an essay on the phase rule as applied to history: he predicted that Europe was hurrying toward a catastrophe in 1917, when it would, roughly, pass from the mechanical phase, which had reigned since 1600, into an electrical phase, marked by an incalculable accession of energies. His theory accounted for all the known physical forces and scientific data, as far as he could grasp them; but beyond this point he could not see. He showed what would happen; he indicated nothing that could be done. His Degradation of the Democratic Dogma is perhaps the last great essay in Calvinist theology.

At about the same time a young German historian, Oswald Spengler, erudite beyond even the fashion of his kind, projected a book to be called The Downfall of the Western World. Spengler rejected the mechanistic hypothesis that Adams sought to embody in an historical formula; he saw the growth of cultures as an organic growth; but when he came to examine the state of modern society, he fell into the same fatalistic attitude as his American contemporary. We were now, according to Spengler, in one of the last stages of our own cultural cycle, contemporaries of the Hyksos rulers of Egypt, or of Hannibal and Alexander in classic times. The sources of art, literature, and religion were drying up, according to Spengler, and therefore—mark the therefore—we must fashion ourselves in the image of Cecil Rhodes, abandon art for engineering, epistemology for politics, and religion for business; for our destiny was a state of spiritual petrifaction.

Both Henry Adams and Oswald Spengler had a keen insight into the historic past and a real flair for history. Both, however, plainly suffered from a spiritual paralysis and frustration, which they hid behind an imposing façade of objectivity. In the meanwhile, a third group of sociological observers appeared on the scene, a group that grew up in the late 'eighties around the Outlook Tower at Edinburgh, and that had, in various small but significant initiatives, been bringing sociological theory directly to bear upon the social renewal of the spiritually decayed and physically dilapidated industrial city of the utilitarian era. One of them, Mr. Victor V. Branford, had written a sociological study of Saint Columba; and in 1911, in collaboration with Professor Patrick Geddes, the founder of the Outlook Tower, he privately circulated a remarkable memorandum.

This memorandum pointed out that, unless the forces that were then operating in Europe could be curbed or diverted, a war would take place in the immediate future; and on the basis of this prediction, the authors of the memorandum proposed to issue a series of books on The Making of the Future, which would help people to understand the forces that had brought on the catastrophe, rally into a group the more

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creative minds in Europe and America, and prepare intelligently for the renewal of western society. This prediction differed from those of Adams and Spengler in that, while it ignored none of the forces that were brutalizing modern civilization, it did not shirk the task of mustering together the living elements of our culture, and bringing them to bear upon the difficult situation. Their prediction was put in the form: So-and-so will happen, unless we take the means to counteract it; that is to say, unless we transform the mechanical, militarist, and monetarist institutions.

In 1911, it is a little sardonic to reflect, no one would credit the memorandum or give ponderable support to the project; and the scheme languished. Nevertheless, in the spring of 1914, Mr. Branford published his Interpretations and Forecasts, in which his prediction was publicly reiterated, and in which the general views which underlay the sociological studies of the Edinburgh school were set out in a broad and persuasive way. In 1917, the first book in the Making of the Future series, Ideas at War, was published by Patrick Geddes and Gilbert Slater, and since that time the original series, in a slightly curtailed form, has been published, along with a series of brilliant pamphlets, written by Mr. Branford, called Papers for the Present. All these books represent the common and consistent effort of the Edinburgh school, now chiefly represented by the group in Leplay House, London, and by Professor Geddes's Collège des Ecossais at Montpellier, to restore unity of thought and life, of ideas and action, of facts and values, or, in Mr. Branford's vivid title, of Science and Sanctity. A few men of vision, like Tagore in India, A. E. in Ireland, and Monsignor Barry in England have recognized the spiritual vitality and the importance of this sociological school; but for the most part, even though Messrs. Geddes and Branford were the founders of the Sociological Society of Great Britain, and the chief exponents of scientific sociology in Great Britain, their work has been ignored.

This neglect of the Edinburgh school by the professed sociologists is not, perhaps, altogether strange. Sociology, in the hands of the followers of Spencer, Buckle, Marx, and (in England) of T. H. Green, has remained a nondescript discipline. One group of sociologists emphasizes the importance of the environment; another, the industrial conditions; another discourses, as Professor E. A. Ross has done, as if human society were merely a collocation of disembodied "minds." The Edinburgh school differs from these groups in that it includes them all; it regards these disparate "sociologies" as abstractions from the organic whole of actual human communities. Opposing these various partial claims or overemphases, Geddes and Branford take their departure from the work of Frédéric Le Play and August Comte; in these exponents of scientific sociology they bring together its two main traditions, the naturalist and geographic outlook of Le Play, and the humanist and historical vision of Comte. Both these traditions have been obscured by polemic controversy, that of Le Play because he was a Catholic and a "reactionary," and that of Comte because of the absurdly pontifical assumptions of his later career. One of the real services of Messrs. Branford and Geddes has been to restore these figures to their proper historic perspective.

What, to begin with, is Comte's specific contribution to sociology? Well, it was Comte who saw that the mediaeval division of society into the temporal and spiritual powers was one of the great and persistent functional divisions in all human communities; it was Comte, too, who saw that the temporal and spiritual powers were in turn divided, in every institution and association, into a partnership of chiefs, people, "intellectuals," and "emotionals." In terms of the Catholic Church, for example, this division would mean: archbishops, communicants, "regulars," and the parish clergy. Within any of these groups one or another function may tend to be stressed: so the Knights Templar was predominantly an order of chiefs, the Dominicans of intellectuals, the Franciscans of emotionals, and the Brothers Pontifex were akin, in their pious labors, to the people.

Had this analysis of Comte's ever achieved the wide circulation that the more private and fantastic aspects of his thoughts did, we might have been spared one of the great vexations of modern democracy. A democracy, essentially, is a society in which chiefs, people, intellectuals, and emotionals are sorted out in every generation, upon the basis of worth and ability, and in which there is free passage from group to group, without respect to birth, status, or financial condition. One of the crucial mistakes in the democratic doctrine was the belief in the necessity of abolishing functional distinctions: the result of this was to achieve a general level of incompetence and muddle, followed by the emergence of a factitious aristocracy, based on new seizures of wealth and privilege.

Comte's analysis is of great theoretic value, and of practical importance. Branford and Geddes observe:

> The political application can never be better put than in that aphoristic summary of ancient wisdom which directs the distribution of the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's. Comte's theory of history was but a vastly learned secular development of this principle. His odium-anti-theologicum notwithstanding, Comte was at heart a Catholic, though not Roman and orthodox, but Parisian and mystical. His devotion to the memory of an idealized woman kept him in sympathy with the cult of the Ideal Mother. His spiritual Utopia was the idealization of the Catholic Church at its moment of highest inspiration. Even his much abused Law of the Three States was but an extreme modernist restatement of that noble heresy of Abott Joachim, which came within measurable distance of being incorporated into the doctrine of the mediaeval Church. But above and beyond all other evidence is the fact that the positivist system of social philosophy has for its cornerstone the antithesis, yet correlation, of the claims

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of God and Caesar. The conception of citizenship corresponding to this Christian principle was developed in the middle-ages and ejected from the universities at the renaissance. The moral void was filled in the nineteenth century by an interpretation of history, which suggested at once the more profitable and the more submissive course, the offering of both portions to Caesar.

Frédéric Le Play's investigations of concrete human societies were complemental to Comte's vast historic erudition. Le Play was a Catholic, a mining engineer, and a sociologist; he had the spiritual outlook of the first, the exact technique of the second, and the synthetic command which is required for true sociologists, face to face with the infinitely complex and reciprocal interactions of a human community. Le Play is known to American sociologists, I suppose, chiefly by his contribution to the study of family budgets: his monumental work on the workers of Europe is unread; and his great formula of Place, Work, Family is quite cheerfully neglected. It remained for Professor Geddes, whose original training was in biology, to point out that Le Play's formula is the exact equivalent in sociology for the biologist's organism, function, and environment. It seems the flattest of truisms to say that all human communities exist on some definite spot of the earth, with a particular site, soil, climate, rainfall, scenery, plant distribution, and animal neighbors; that these human communities are composed of living beings, joined together in associated groups, such as the family, the workshop, the church, the city; and that a continuous interaction goes on between these specific human beings and their specific environment—which interaction consists principally of "work," in all its direct, accessory, and sublimated forms. It is a mark of Le Play's fine peasant common sense that he was able to recognize the obvious; and so effectually dispose of those who claimed that "environment" is everything; "heredity" is everything; the "individual" is everything; the "economic process" is everything; "consciousness of kind" is everything. All of these things are aspects of a complete society. A scientific sociology must take account of each and all together.

Professor Geddes carried Le Play's formula one step further. He pointed out that it had both a determinist and a voluntarist aspect. On one side, the place conditions the work, and the work puts its stamp upon the people; on the other side, the folk, utilizing its social heritage, becomes an etho-polity, and begins to moralize its work, and the work, producing a continuous culture of home and field reacts upon the place, and gives rise to the arts, embodied in cities and in the ordered landscape of parks and gardens. In other words, human beings are both creatures and creators. Too much of our sociology has been a covert description of the factory town, with its drab and endless routine, its determinist workaday habits, and its total lack of a vivid social heritage; too little of it has had any sense of the inner transformations which would enable us to react upon this environment, take charge of the process, and lift it into a glorious triumph of the human spirit. The conventional sociological outlook can understand the technique of building a factory; it cannot understand the spirit that produced a Chartres or an Amiens. One of the reasons, doubtless, for the conflict that has sometimes occurred between the Church and the "progressive" institutions of an industrial community is the complete blankness of the successful philistine to the possibilities of a polity, a culture, and an art, and his dogged resistance to any sort of religious conversion.

In Science and Sanctity Mr. Victor Branford has used his Comte-Le Play tradition to analyze the dispersion and disintegration of modern life, since the renaissance, and to suggest some means for bringing facts and values, knowledge and worship, power and grace, synthesis and vision, into a harmonious unity of the inner and outer life. I know no better way of summing up this deeply suggestive and fertile book than by quoting from a review of Leplay House which Monsignor Barry wrote in the Catholic Times:

> They have learned that the first postulate, as of all human action so of all human knowledge, is life. No bleak abstraction or system of empty signs will account for the living subject by its mere analysis. There must be other ways of finding out what man is, and what he ought to be. If we denominate the reigning doctrine of the last century "mechanism" we had better define this to be vitalism. For it accepts life as given, and by means of it construes the past, and from all that draws the horoscope of the future. Now, the past exhibits art and religion as shaping the civilization in virtue of which we find ourselves rich with the spoils of time. These we cannot afford to lose. Nothing to be achieved by modern science would make up for the loss of them. . . . It is in sketching a way of escape from our present dilemma —viz., "either science or religion but not both"—that Mr. Branford displays . . . impressive originality.

It is impossible for me here to go into the various other publications which have issued from Leplay House in Westminster since 1919. Enough to say that they are all attempts to bridge the gap between sociology and everyday life, to present a concrete picture of the world before us, and an equally concrete and unified vision of the necessary restorations. In contrast to the aloof bewilderment of Henry Adams, or the world-weary compliance of Oswald Spengler, the doctrines of Geddes and Branford are instinct with life, direction, purpose, and vision, reinforced by science, and combined with an unusual practical grasp on affairs. Those who have lost faith in separate panaceas, may achieve a new courage, a new insight, and a new orientation through this integral vision of science and sanctity. For a "hard," specialized science is not a glorious path to pure truth: it is merely an imperfect mode of life; and the way to correct it is to begin with life first.

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THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY

By V. B. METTA

IN 1922, the League of Nations passed a resolution against slavery, and in the following year that resolution was supported in the Assembly of the League. Then in 1924, the League set up a committee to investigate the question of slavery and of conditions analogous to slavery. The committee consisted of eight experts, of different nationalities. It investigated slave trade, status of slavery, and practices analogous to slavery—that is, prostitution, so-called "adoption of children," debt slaver, and forced labor.

The report which it submitted and which contained proposals for the suppression or amelioration of the conditions of slavery, was considered by the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations last September. A resolution was passed, adopting a draft convention. The draft convention has been sent by the committee, not only to member-nations of the League, but also to non-member nations, such as the United States, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Mexico, Afghanistan, Ecuador, and Sudan. The committee also proposed that all states, whether members of the League or not, should be invited to subscribe to a new slavery convention. The draft convention will come up for discussion in June.

There are, today, over a million people in the world who are either slaves or who are living in conditions analogous to slavery. Slavery exists in the Sahara, South Morocco, South Tripoli, in the Libyan oases, Rio de Oro, Senussi country, Abyssinia, Liberia, and in parts of China and Arabia. An unofficial report submitted to the League was on slaves and slavery in Portugese Africa. It was the result of an American commission of inquiry into conditions in Angola and Mozambique—and with it went an introductory note signed by such prominent Americans as Mr. George Foster Peabody, Mr. Raymond Fosdick, Mr. Hamilton Holt, and others. The report has been submitted by the League to the Portuguese government for criticism. It is to be hoped that this government will either abolish slavery outright, or at least try to ameliorate the situation.

The proposed convention has eleven articles. One of the articles pledges the signatories to prevent and suppress slave-trade. Another article pledges them to give mutual help in suppressing slavery and slave-trade. Agents and representatives of the signatory powers are to claim and exercise the right of granting asylum to, and of liberating fugitive slaves. Transport of slaves by sea will be recognized in international law as piracy, and the vessel and crew will be dealt with by judges of the state which effected the capture. Except for public purposes, forced labor will be prevented.

Doctor Nansen, the representative of Norway, has proposed three amendments which provide that disputes arising between nations regarding the interpretation of the convention shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice; that annual reports shall be submitted to the League upon the progress of abolition; and that the attention of the International Labor office shall be called to conditions (as distinct from systems) of slave labor and forced labor.

One good thing has already resulted from the League of Nation's desire to do away with slavery—and that is the total abolition of slavery in Nepal, an independent Indian state in the Himalayas, where it had existed from time immemorial. At the beginning of last year, the Prime Minister (who is also the de facto ruler of Nepal) Maharajah Sir Chandra Shum Sher Jung Bahadur, convened a great assembly at Khatmandu, the capital of the kingdom, and proclaimed the abolition of slavery on grounds of "patriotism, humanity, and justice." There were about 53,000 slaves in Nepal. It is not quite settled yet whether these liberated slaves will be attached to their former masters on a wage-earning basis.

By the Constitution of 1908, Turkey abolished slavery in her empire—which included the Hedjaz. But when, during the war, Hussein became King of the Hedjaz, he allowed slavery to be resumed in the state, saying that he was not bound by Turkish, or any laws, except his own. This matter was brought to the notice of Lord Robert Cecil. But the noble lord took no steps in the matter—because Great Britain was the friend and protector of Hussein!

Debt-slavery is extremely common in Africa and in some parts of the East. The debtor in this case pledges himself or a third person to his creditor. This kind of slavery also results when the system of peonage which exists in South America is abused. The creditor in these cases behaves in such a way that the debtor becomes more and more entangled in debts to him—with the result that he becomes his permanent slave. This kind of slavery should be declared illegal, or a contract should be entered into between the creditor and debtor, registered and approved by a court which would fix the period when the debt should be extinguished.

The question of forced labor is very complicated. This system is of African origin; the chiefs of tribes in that continent force men to do certain kinds of work "for public services." When the European powers went to Africa, they adopted the system. But they have made it far worse than it was originally. The African chiefs did not remove the laborers from their families by sending them to great distances, and they were made to work for the domestic requirements of the tribe only. But now they are taken to enormous distances from their homes to build railways and bridges. There is, as a matter of fact, no reason why civilized governments should keep up this system at all. But even if they do keep it up, they should at least pay the laborers for their work. The question of the payment of forced labor is, however, not mentioned in the draft convention. Norway, Spain, and New Zealand were against forced labor of any kind, for any reasons whatsoever; but England and France, who have colonies in Africa, were less generous in their attitude toward the question. The convention should, first of all, try to define what is meant by "public services." As it is, every state will interpret the phrase differently to suit its own convenience—and thus confusion will ensue. Forced labor for private profit, when of "exceptional character," is also allowed by the draft convention: the words "exceptional character" are elastic and might cover a multitude of sins.

Certain facts are not mentioned in the convention at all—because they would displease certain nations. For example, the government of the Union of South Africa is thinking of passing the color-bar bill which will prevent the natives from rising, and thus reduce them almost to slavery. The case of indentured labor employed in British colonies such as Fiji is just as bad. The indentured laborers are forced to live in segregated areas; they are not allowed to travel in tramways; and in various other aspects they are treated as less than human. The League should try to see that all laborers, whether white or colored, should be given the same civil rights—if it wants to materialize its ideal of "changing servile labor into free labor all over the world."

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ON BEING AN EDITOR'S WIFE

By PHILOMENA HART

YOU thought at first it was all roses and raptures, this business of having a flock of new books brought home each night, this constant consorting with the intellegentsia. But in the words of the immortal Clinton twins, there's more in this than meets the eye. You learn, after a very short while, for example, that literary ladies think it very astonishing and unique of your husband to have a wife at all; and quite too astonishing for him to have one of the housekeeping genus.

You will never forget the vociferous female you entertained at dinner on that fatal evening to be known in history as the "night the cook left." You were feeling quite smug and satisfied with yourself for having been able to set to and anthologize the meal yourself, and the vociferous female cooed praisingly. At the end of the intricate meal, she murmured to your husband: "Oh, Mr. Books, it is so surprising to find you married to such a domestic little girl; but then I suppose it is still true though platitudinous that opposites attract." And this when you were head of Suburbia's Monday Morning Literature and Dramatic Club, which, as all the world knows, is about equivalent to an election to the Académie Française.

But it isn't with the folk who underestimate your powers that the greatest trouble lies, but rather with those who demand answers to all their literary problems. There was the night when the man next door telephoned for a suggestion for his high-school freshman daughter. She reads Ethel Dell and Victoria Cross and heaps of the alluringly titled short-story magazines. Daddy had just heard over the radio of a man named Conrad who seemed to be quite the thing. Daughter argued she had seen some of his stuff at the library and he was a "flat tire." Daddy felt maybe it was because this man Conrad was too great a change all at once from the things daughter had been reading. Now, would Mrs. Books be so good as to lend her something just in between Dell and Conrad; she had a minute before dinner and he'd send her right over.

There are people who drop in to call and start the evening wrong by saying: "I wonder if you have that book about the man who left his wife and went off with another woman. I forget the name of it, but it was ever so interesting and I want my sister to read it. I am sure you must have it here." Chief among these vague seekers was your cook, who announced one day that years ago she'd read a "swell" book about a man who stepped into a woman's "badoor." You gasped with horror to think one of your sex was so trampled upon, only to learn from further description of the story that a "badoor" is nothing more than what others call a boudoir.

Sometimes, when superior housewives meet you in chain groceries or on kitchenware floors in department stores, they start in positive alarm: "Who would expect to find you here, Mrs. Books?" they chip. "Oh, this is what the bookmen buy, one-half so precious as the stuff they sell," you answer smartly —at which the superior folk melt away to murmur to the nearest ear that "Mrs. Books is certainly getting queer."

And queer all the absolute adults of Suburbia think you surely when they know of your insatiable passion for fairy tales. How sorry they feel for Mr. Books that his wife should keep up the low habits of her childish days. You tried at first to keep your weakness from them, but the green and gold glamor of one large section of the shelves in a childless house pointed to some adult's questionable taste—and so, to protect Mr. Books, you declared the bitter truth.

COMMUNICATIONS

UNIATS AND THEIR RITES

Brookland, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the May 12 issue of your esteemed weekly, Mr. L. Maynard Gray [Uniats and Their Rites] criticises rather severely Mr. Stephen Gaselee's statement that the Catholics of eastern rites are Roman Catholics. He says: "To call eastern Catholics of non-Roman rites "Roman Catholics" is stupidly unscientific. . . . 'Roman' is not synonymous with 'Catholic.' 'Catholic' describes a creed and an allegiance. 'Roman' is the name of a rite." I take exception to this criticism and feel inclined to call this statement of the critic "stupidly unscientific." There is no such thing as a "Roman" rite, and there never was such a rite. All official publications of the Holy See know only Latin rite as opposed to oriental rites. No scientific publication, official or otherwise, knows a "Roman" rite.

Again, it is false, or, at least not exact, to say that "Roman" is not synonymous with "Catholic." The Roman authorities spoke clearly on that point when there was the question, first in England, later in other countries, of using the term "Roman Catholic." The decision was that there is only one Catholic Church, which is the Roman Church. If, however, it be necessary for avoiding a misunderstanding, to emphasize the allegiance to the Holy See, the word "Roman" should be used and understood in "in sensu declarativo sed non in sensu restrictivo." "Roman," therefore, has a dogmatic meaning, and denotes the union with Rome. "Latin" has a liturgical, and partially canonical meaning, and denotes the historical structure.

Again, Mr. Gray criticizes Mr. Gaselee in a rather sharp manner for his statement that "there is only one monastic rule in the East, the Basilian." Mr. Gray says: "One wonders at the ignorance of such a writer, who seems never to have heard of the monastic regulations of Saint Theodore Studite." This statement implies that the critic knows only two monastic institutions in the East, namely, Basilians and Studites. I am tempted to apply the critic's words against himself: "One wonders at the ignorance of the writer who seems never to have heard" of the Antonians and Mechitarists, very widely-spread monastic orders of the East. Mr. Gaselee's ignorance of the Studites is pardonable; this order ceased to exist long ago, at least within the Catholic Church, and only recently has been revived by Archbishop Count Szeptycki of Lwow, Poland, with a very small group of monks under the superiorship of the Archbishop's brother. Ignorance of the existence of the two other monastic orders of the East, however, is not pardonable for one who speaks with such authority on matters of the Eastern Catholic Church.

DR. STANISLAS DE TOROSIEWICZ.

AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS

Dublin, Ireland.

TO the Editor:—Among Mr. A. R. Orage's reminiscences I was amused to read that "Major Douglas disposed of three of the enormous fallacies under which I and my colleagues as well as the vast majority of social reformers had been laboring."

Mr. Orage, of course, may speak for himself, but it is rather startling to learn that a socialist professionally interested in economics was unacquainted with the writings of Sismondi,

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Proudhon, or Theodor Hertzka. These and many others insisted that the economic problem was to distribute what could be produced with very little effort.

The second of the delusions, under which we were supposed to be lingering until 1920, had been queried by George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, in 1752, was attacked in Archibald Alison's History of Europe to 1852, and had been exposed before the war by Michael Flurscheim—a banker and a social reformer of international reputation, by Mr. Arthur Kitson in the Open Review, by Silvio Gesell and others. They contended that the problem was financial, and that an insufficiently accessible currency strangled a productive capacity which was always in excess of effectual demand.

The third "fallacy"—the power of industrial ownership to control—is partly true. Francis Delaisi in Oil asserted that financial directors (of foreign undertakings anyway) were in the hands of their technical experts, so that, while Frenchmen might own a majority of oil shares, the English engineers had practically entire control of the policy through their knowledge of working conditions.

Two of the fallacies we are accused of harboring are, in fact, confined to the classical economists, and the third is doubtful. Such claims make credit reformers ridiculous, and justify A. E. R.'s remark that "Douglasism is sheer ignorance of socialist and economic literature."

GEOFFREY BIDDULPH.

THE CAP AND THE CRITIC

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have no intention of trespassing on your space by asking you to allow me to reply in detail to the Abbé Lugan's long and rather acrimonious article. I did not name him in mine, though I knew all about him. I merely described the methods of a certain type of controversialist. The cap fitted, and he promptly put it on—and, to show that he has not changed in twenty years, proceeded to misquote me, completely altering the sense of what I said.

It would take an entire number of The Commonweal to give all the reasons why the Action Française seems to me worthy of the support, not only of French Catholics, but of all patriotic Frenchmen. On the single point which moved me to challenge M. Jules Bois's statements—the service which it has rendered to the Church in France—I will ask leave to call a witness of infinitely greater weight than I could be, and produce testimony of this very year. Writing from Rome last February to a French Catholic journalist, Cardinal Billot spoke of the great improvement (over some meetings of ten or twenty years ago) which he had noted in the tone of religious loyalty evinced in a recent gathering of Catholic writers in Paris, and added pointedly:

"There has evidently been a change; and, to be just and give all their due, we must recognize that it is to the Action Française that we owe in great part this salutary change."

A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.

CATHOLIC PARISHES

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor:—Your seconding in your issue of April 28, of Bishop Noll's motion in "America" to put the question of religious affiliation on the regular United States census was good.

Wise, too, was your remark that "Catholic parishes are not organized on the social and corporate lives of our Protestant brethren." Is it not right that they should be? Is not the Catholic parish the ideal social unit for leavening our civilization?

It may interest your readers to know that the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, has started a book on the parish, two chapters of which have appeared in his official organ, The Monitor. This book will be published later.

The parish is the place where the people are; it is a neighborhood. Not only is it important for those in charge of a parish to know the names and addresses of the people; they also have the opportunity of making a sociological study, of knowing all about the people, their condition and environment. With adequate knowledge of the people, the people can be helped, the mass can be leavened.

Put it another way. If the mediaeval ideals, for which, I believe, you and several of your associates have a predilection, are to be made operative in this country, where else can they be made to work than in the parishes? Unless they are tried in the parishes they remain on paper and in college classrooms. The whole mediaeval social structure rested on the parishes. Unless we build on the parishes, we are without a broad foundation.

To do this work of reviving mediaeval ideals, we must first have accurate knowledge of the numbers of Catholics in all parishes. With the stimulus of your influential paper much may be done.

F. GORDON O'NEILL.

BAITING THE DUCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—You had, recently, a most interesting article on Mussolini, by Mr. Harvey Wickham.

I confess that ever since the March on Rome, I have wondered at the acrimony with which he has been discussed by Americans, and at the distrust of American business men of everything that Mussolini does.

I realize that nobody can understand what he has done for Christian civilization (somebody, I am sure, will take exception to the word "Christian" in this connection) who does not know revolution at first hand and has not lived with Bolsheviks au naturel. To Americans, thinking as we habitually do, in numbers, and generally other people's thoughts, "revolution" and "intervention" and such like words raise no picture of what is really meant; we theorize. Mussolini does not. He has known Bolshevism in action and for the good of the world has rejected it. He has gone far to expel it from Italy, where it had at one time as strong a hold as anywhere in western Europe, and he has done that, not with military power, but with the enthusiasm of healthy youth as his weapon, directed into constructive channels, rather than destructive.

Men have been killed in the process, certainly. Has anyone who condemns him lived under Bolshevik rule, or studied Bolshevik theory in application? I wonder that he has accomplished so much with so little violence. Perhaps those who have some measure of understanding of what is happening in England, and who are more interested in the continuation and development of Christian civilization than in the downfall of England, will revise their estimate presently of Mussolini's accomplishment.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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SONNETS

Alien

This reach of sagebrush with its windy hill
Framed by my doorway, is a troubled place
Known only to my dreams, remembered still
In daylight hours to haunt them for a space.
It seems that I shall presently awake
In some azalea-scented dark once more,
Where swans are drifting down a quiet lake,
Curving their silver arc along the shore.

And faintly now I almost thought I heard—
As one would hear across the verge of sleep—
Out of the grey wind's sudden lull, in bars
Of gold, the slender rapture of a bird—
A rift of joy that no wild throat could keep,
Taking its flight among the listening stars.

ADA HASTINGS HEDGES.

Orpheus

He sees those writhing barriers of the dark
As, poised on the last, silver ledge of day,
He stands; the gestures terrible and stark
Of huddled shadows lifted in dismay
Between that mad descent and his desire
And touches all his strings; the water-sweet,
Long sobbing strings of his melodious lyre,
And walks unharmed amid the phantom feet.

These are the desolate and bitter regions:
Return, return while hope is still your mood.
What if your song can stay the furious legions
It cannot still the furies in your blood:
Better old memories of Eurydice
Than this you ask—and ultimate agony.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Silenced

I had not meant to be unkind; I spoke
From a full heart—well-meaning, candid, free—
And gave no further thought; so utterly
Was I astounded when the tempest broke.
Then in me something grew that seemed to choke
Much that had been a tender part of me;
The world grew dark—nor heart nor brain could see—
And I was tired this morning when I woke.

There is a silence in my soul today
Like that which fills a home where one lies dead,
Where shades are drawn and not a word is said,
And tapers burn, and friends steal in to pray.
All I remember is last night I cried:
Something—I know not what—grew cold and died.

RUTH MARY FOX.

Surrender

In all the open places of the world
I tried to find You. Deserts flung their sands
In mockery, and stifled my demands
Where You might be. Grim, towering mountains hurled
Their silence at me. Oceans soft, impearled
With sunset, only sighed. Long marshaled bands
Of stars, in flight, were dumb. Across lone strands,
Winds shivered; and the storm clouds swift, unfurled.

Despairing, wearily again I sought
My wonted path. Someone had gone before;
A cup was set beside the spring, and where
My steps must ford the brook, stones had been brought
For crossing. Now I am content once more
To tread the lowly way—I found You there.

ROXANNA GRATE.

Inference

That nick of light in midnight's vaulted curtain
May be a sun gone out aeons ago,
Only a blazing shadow which draws its certain
Mysterious line through space-bent time, and so
But cooling recollection of a note
Once glittering hot among the staves and bars
Of spheral rhythms. In an endless rote
The galaxy encloses ghosts of stars.

Since light is ordered to pursue a track
After its source is void, must we persist
When death has touched our eyes, and shall we lack
The mercy of forgetfulness—exist
As blinded wanderers in a limbo where
Echo torments the cold tear-misted air?

JANET RAMSAY.

Romantique

This dawn-light is amazement on the pines,
A slow and silver wonder that they wear,
That brightens now, to shine as armor shines,
In the new sun that comes and finds them there.
They needs must be like young gods for the world,
In casques and plaques of silver where they stand
Facing the east before their spears are hurled
In splendid wars for some unstoried land.

The sun, gone westward, will gaze back, in time—
And pines at sunset are a tale as old
As earth's old wars remembered in a rhyme,
And one more ancient glory will be told,
When evening makes a hushed and golden spell
Of all that morning silver had to tell.

DAVID MORTON.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Iolanthe

WISDOM, artistry, and showmanship united in full measure when Winthrop Ames put on his revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's Iolanthe—wisdom in forecasting the public's delight in some of the most pungent lyrics Gilbert ever wrote and much of Sullivan's most engaging and soaring music; artistry in casting, scenic design, and subtle direction; showmanship in that final impetus which spreads the contagion of a good time far across the footlights. The Ames Iolanthe is one of the few real masterpieces of this or of many past seasons.

As Iolanthe is one of the less common Gilbert revivals, it is worth recalling that it is in this operetta that the famous Savoy pair launched their delicate thunderbolts at the British House of Lords. Iolanthe, one of the fairies, has merited the extreme penalty by marrying a mortal who has since become the Lord Chancellor. By him she has had a son who is in the embarrassing position of being half mortal and half immortal. This son, Strephon, also finds himself in love with Phyllis, a ward in Chancery and hence under the direction of the Lord Chancellor, who, ignorant of his parenthood, opposes the match. Iolanthe is recalled at the request of all the fairies, and all promises well until Strephon is discovered in her arms. Since, being immortal, she looks several years younger than her son, this creates a mild furor of suspicion. The peers of the realm denounce him—whereupon the queen of the fairies decrees in vengeance the Strephon will enter parliament and carry every measure he proposes, whether Liberal or Conservative.

The consternation of the peers does not reach its height, however, till they discover that Strephon is forcing through a bill opening the peerage to competitive examination. This obviously points to the extermination of the present line of peers. Faced by this horrible fate, they are saved by the fairy queen who decrees that they shall all become fairies. Nonsense? Yes—and utterly delightful.

This is also the operetta in which such Gilbertian classics occur as "the hose of common sense," the Lord Chancellor's song, the lamentable fact that every child born alive "is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative," and many other gems. But in the present case, the beauty of the direction supersedes almost every other consideration. The entrance march of the peers in full regalia, and their fight with the fairies are memorable as the sheer expression of humor in movement. The dance of the fairies in the first act is as exquisite an example of ballet as you can find in New York; and the business in all of the numbers, down to the superlative antics of the grey-bearded train-bearer, sets a new mark in distinction and individuality.

In the matter of casting, there is much to be said of nearly every one of the principals. The Chancellor of Ernest Lawford is crystalline in diction and abundant in sly wit, if somewhat thin vocally. John Barclay's Earl of Mountararat is perhaps a still droller figure through the solemnity of his antics, and is certainly a most grateful performance vocally. He has a voice of fully operatic calibre which he uses with great artistry and point. His diction, however, is more that of the concert singer than the dyed-in-the-wool Gilbertian. He is inclined to sacrifice clarity to tonal effect. Another splendid piece of work vocally is that of William C. Gordon as Private Willis of the Grenadier Guards—he who philosophizes so deliciously upon Liberals and Conservatives. A more important and manly guardsman would be hard to find. The Strephon of William Williams makes the most of this rather thankless part. The Gilbert and Sullivan tenor rôles have little but their lovely songs to recommend them to an actor, but Mr. Williams has the good sense not to take his part too seriously. He is that rare animal, a tenor at ease.

All three women's rôles are delightfully filled, with Vera Ross as the common-sense fairy queen, Adele Sanderson as the wayward Iolanthe, and Lois Bennett as the coy if somewhat suspicious Phyllis. Miss Bennett's duets with Strephon are a sheer delight.

The mere fact that one finds it necessary to pay tribute to the work of so many is the soundest measure of the extraordinary balance of Mr. Ames's casting. There is no one particular star, but a sense of complete satisfaction at every minute, both for the eye and the ear, in the work of all. What is still more important in crowning the evening, you have that pleasant conviction that the whole cast is enjoying itself quite as much as the audience. With the single exception of the diction here and there, superlatives are quite in order in describing this Iolanthe. It is distinctly good news that Mr. Ames is planning further Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. Perhaps he can put new gusto and beauty even into the threadbare Mikado. Who knows?

The Return of The House of Ussher

AFTER a disastrous fire at the Fifth Avenue theatre where The House of Ussher started earlier in the season, this play has now reopened at the little Mayfair theatre. It is the portrait of a strange and wayward girl whose reckless nature and distorted ideas spring directly from the gloomy atmosphere thrown about her by her Grumpy-like Jewish father, a colorless and interfering aunt, and the memory of a headstrong mother whom her father was obliged to divorce many years earlier. The author is too industrious in stirring up sympathy for this girl—or rather, in devising a happy ending for her when the really sincere elements in the play indicate nothing but tragedy. For this reason the play as a whole rings somewhat unhealthily, and its construction becomes wobbly.

But the chief interest lies in the characterization achieved by Rosalinde Fuller in the part of the daughter. I do not recall ever seeing such amazing progress in the work of an actress in one year as in the case of Miss Fuller—in quality of voice, in repose and assurance, and in the restrained pointing of comedy. There is still a slight theatricality from time to time in the uptilt of her head—a relic of musical review days. But this is the last remaining mannerism. If she keeps on at this rate, Miss Fuller's work will bear the most serious watching. Mr. Clarence Derwent as Jacob Ussher combines many of the characteristics of George Arliss and David Warfield without improving on either, or, for that matter, equalling either. Miss Fuller's work is the brilliant point in a play and a cast that fall short of many requirements.

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Ben Hur on the Screen

SOME time in the indefinite future, the screen dramatization of General Lew Wallace's story will pass into the generality of theatres (it is still having its feature run in New York) and the country at large will then have its chance to see a singularly moving production and one that holds many interesting rumors of the best that the movies can hope to do.

It would be fairly easy to pick flaws in this picture. Here and there it is drenched with the traditional hokum of feature productions. But matched against this there are fine points which challenge serious consideration and arouse honest respect.

First of all, there is the reverent and at times exceedingly beautiful treatment of the episodes in the life of Christ. The figure of Christ is never shown—but here and there His hand is seen, sometimes ministering to the sick, sometimes swaying the multitudes, or raising the dead, or healing the lepers. This hand comes to have a force and authority and a mystical power of singular conviction—a case where suggestion proves infinitely more effective than attempted realism. But how vastly better it would have been to carry this idea further and to have used more of this same artistry in such scenes as the stable at Bethlehem or the Last Supper. In these scenes, Fred Niblo, the director, has tried to reproduce famous paintings rather than hold to suggested mystery. He has employed the halo and the shafts of light—with the effect of destroying rather than enhancing illusion.

Then there are the two outstanding spectacular scenes—the ever famous chariot race at Antioch, and the sea battle between the Roman fleet under Arrius and the pirates. These are unquestionably masterpieces, as are also the scenes in the galleys, with the chained slaves rowing away their lives to the interminable beat of the mallet and the scourge of the whip.

After all, it is seldom that a costume or period play carries full conviction. It is hard to hold one's sense of illusion where one hears Roman senators talk in Ohio English (or worse, Broadway English). The unreality of the costume play will always be an insurmountable handicap. But with silent pictures, it is a different story. Here, granted good acting, careful casting, and intelligent direction, there is nothing to break in on the sense of illusion.

From this it would follow that when the movies try conscientiously to picture the great events of history for us, they are doing the one thing for which they are supremely well fitted, granted our habits of mind and our mental associations with pictures. That is why the simple and realistic episodes from the life of Christ have such power, and why the more imaginative scenes, copied after idealized paintings, fail rather lamentably. That is also why the supremely realistic scenes of the battle and the race have all the thrill and vitality of real events.

The screen version of Ben Hur is less happy in the more typical narrative episodes. In these parts the acting generally falls far short of creating illusion. The actors become modern men and women in ancient costumes. They indulge in many of the familiar movie antics, particularly Miss McAvoy in her blonde and curly wig, and Francis Bushman as Messala. The Ben Hur of Ramon Novarro is a pleasing exception—manly and nearly always in key. The scenes of Roman and oriental orgy—though comparatively few in number—smack more strongly of insincerity and the desire to create a special appeal. They could be cut even more to the considerable improvement of the picture.

BOOKS

Virgin Spain, by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

MR. WALDO FRANK'S personality is so strong that it pervades all he writes and therefore becomes a point in the criticism of his books. He is naturally clever, and increasingly stimulated with years of study and observation: he is none the less youthful and, above all, he is highly modern in his reactions to the facts he envisages as well as to the problems he is ambitious to discuss. His recent book of Salvos was well named from the heavy percussions of his snappy style; flushed with fresh enthusiasm, he now enters upon Scenes from the Spiritual Drama of a Great People in his book on Virgin Spain.

He calls his work a Symphonic History, but it seems to an older mind that Mr. Frank's idea of the symphony must be that of the later Russian composers and not the deliberate stately scheme of a Mozart, a Haydn, or a Beethoven. There is, indeed, a unity in his Virgin Spain, but it is a Gothic rather than classic unity, which with all its boasted modernity, must strike some students as not the truly philosophical form in which to discuss an ancient school of life and thought, religion and art. Indeed, we can picture Mr. Waldo Frank very busy on a hillside overlooking one of the old cities of Spain, shooting his salvos from a modern Gatling gun and catch a glimpse of wise, smirking old faces dodging away from the windows of shops, monasteries, and cathedrals, as from some heroic urchin hurling stones.

The obsession of the Moor is one quality that Mr. Frank reveals: the importance of this oriental invasion of old Celtiberia, which reached such swollen disproportions in Maurice Barres's Secret of Toledo and among modern dreamers of the old Sephardic paradise of Andalusia. No attention is paid to the protests of the Spanish ethnologists, sociologists, or historians against this vital error perpetuated in Mr. Frank's studies.

In the chronicles, Arab and Hebrew from Africa pass into Andalusia and pass out again in the fall of Granada in 1492. The fall of the Roman empire in Italy left Spain in the hands of a large and cultivated population of Celtiberian Latins, and if there were many Jews among this community it would have made an interesting topic for Mr. Frank to present to us. With the coming of the Goths and Visigoths and the establishment of their monarchies over Spain, there was practically no change in the life or culture of the people, who continued their existence according to the surviving Latin civilization, overcoming the personal barbarities of their conquerors, so that when the first Arab invasions began, Spain could still be said to represent the civilization of the Roman empire. The stories of their wars with the Moslem, their religious dissensions and heresies are not unfamiliar to scholars, and the fact that their warlike leaders came in the end from the northern provinces does not minimize the continued Christian importance even under the sovereignty of the Moorish kings of the south. They were the nucleus of the Spanish race of the subsequent centuries of Iberian empire, culture and world enterprise. "Our civilization is all Roman," declared the great Spaniard, Menéndez y Pelayo, "with a touch of the Semitic."

These sons and daughters of the old Crusaders who followed Saint Ferdinand and Ferdinand and Isabel from the north, would seem, in such an interpretation as Mr. Frank

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gives of Spanish history, to disappear under the Moslem-Hebraic tide of population, to lose their primitive Christian qualities, to surrender the battle cries of the Faith of Christ in exchange for an oriental swoon in Seville, where Mr. Frank declares "religion is but the most obvious pretext of her self-worship." Spirits of the sainted past!—the home of the Isadores and the priestly martyrs of half the world becomes, under this treatment, an "autoerotic, self-rapt goddess"; her god, Don Juan (readers in Greenwich Village, please take notice!) not the old Manara whose penances are still active in the charities of Seville, but the cheap fiction of Tirso, Mozart, and Byron which presents that highly cultivated sex appeal so fetching to adolescent readers and book-buyers.

Salamanca and Castile also are bent to this Hebraicization: we learn the greatness of Avicebron, Avemplace, Tofail, Ibn Ezra, and Gersonides: the great Medina de Deza, and De Soto are only half sensed in references to Fray Luis de Leon, Saint Teresa of Avila, and Saint Ignatius Loyola. Real theology, real philosophy and scholarship can hardly be twisted so glibly to serve the purposes of modernist romancers. In Toledo his proclamation of the Jew is loud and long, until Mr. Frank unfolds his standards in the extraordinary misstatement that, "during four centuries the Jew was a master in Spain." There is even a reference to a preposterous assertion that El Greco himself, he who so thoroughly abhorred the race, was of Jewish descent, and there are very questionable lapses in scholarship where Mr. Frank relies on the discredited work of Maurice Barres and speaks of the inept work of Manuel Cossio as "the authoritative life of El Greco." Mr. Frank loses, or ignores conscientiously, one very fine opportunity, where he treats of the classic mystic, Fray Luis de Leon—"a passionate believer, so is his land, so is his monarch"—as the historians have quite convinced themselves that this great and pious Augustinian was really of Hebrew descent.

Mr. Frank's modern associates in Spanish literature seem about as interesting as the group Mr. Ernest Boyd prefers to write about: Ramón M. del Valle-Inclan, who lacks one hand like Cervantes, as Mr. Frank tells us, but who seems to persist in writing his fine romances with the defective member instead of following the Spanish great-master, Cervantes, and using the good hand; Azorin, a really fine cosmopolitan critic; Antonio Machado, a charming poet of old Spanish refinements; the second-class novelist, Ramón Perez de Ayala, an Asturian whose native shrewdness does not always control his heavily constructed novels; Uñamuno, also a secondary figure among Spanish thinkers, whose popular acclaim has almost equaled that of the sensational Blasco Ibanez; and Juan Ramón Jimenez, who in earlier days was a poet of considerable charm, now declined through ill-health and affectation into a pathetic comedie mystique.

Nevertheless, one can really enjoy Mr. Frank's Virgin Spain (which, on second thoughts, does not seem to be over virginal); he has spent some time in study and travel in that country of never-dying sacrifice and romance, and carries his experiences to an audience that could hardly be reached by more serious methods.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Journal of Clarissa Trant, 1800-1832, edited by C. G. Luard. London: John Lane.

CLARISSA SANDFORD TRANT was born in Lisbon in 1800 in the very midst of the Napoleonic troubles. She came of an old Irish Catholic family, and Kerymen, at least, will remember Cahir Trant in the Barony of Corcaguiney.

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The Trants lost most of their property after the battle of the Boyne where they were adherents of the king. And some time afterwards their degenerate descendants, like so many noble personages, lost also their faith, so that Clarissa's father, as were his immediate ancestors, was a Protestant.

Clarissa had the rather acrid prejudices of the Irish Protestant, and there are many manifestations of such feeling in the twenty-eight volumes of her diary which Miss Luard has admirably edited. It is, for instance, amusing to find her excluding Saint Charles Borromeo from the list of saints elevated to that dignity by the Popes under "family pressure"! Yet her dearest friend, "beyond any dream of youthful friendship," was a Miss Lawlor, known to her as "Aunty," who was Irish and a devout Catholic. Her mother died when Clarissa was four, and when her adored brother, Tom, was a baby. Her father spent the early part of his life as a military man. During the Peninsular War he became a brigadier-general, and in that capacity, with Portuguese forces alone and absolutely unaided, he took Coimbra—which, says Napier, the historian, was "the most daring and hardy enterprise executed by any partisan during the whole war."

His office of governor of Oporto ended with the peace, and he became a restless wanderer, never more than a few months in any place. As his daughter went with him on most of his travels she saw many men and places, and learned to speak six languages. Traveling then was expensive, no doubt, but not so lodging—for Clarissa tells us that in Montauban her father paid only what would amount to $20.00 per month for thirteen well-furnished rooms in the principal square.

Clarissa, however, hated all foreign towns, invariably finding them gloomy and triste, and she was always happiest at their little house facing the Atlantic. It was not far west of Roches Point at the mouth of Cork Harbor. Here, she had her friends—many of them the ancestors of people now living in the county of Cork such as the Penroses, at whose house, Woodhill, Robert Emmet's unfortunate fiancée, Sarah Curran, lived after the execution of her "young lover."

The awful poverty of the Irish peasant 100 years ago is indicated in her journal. "October 10, 1824: Visited a wretched family who are actually living in a hole made between the angles of a hedge, and covered with straw—the poor woman within three weeks of her confinement, her sick child stretched by her side." And again, "April 22, 1827: An English peasant considers himself starving if he cannot afford to provide his family with tea and sugar; an Irish farmer is thankful if he can supply his children with a dozen potatoes for the day." It was the prelude to the Famine.

Clarissa saw and commented on many important persons. She did not actually see Daniel O'Connell, but recounts a visit paid to the Liberator by friends. She made a friend of Mrs. Lennox Conygham, daughter of the only sister of Emmet, who died of a broken heart not long after his execution. And she saw more than once the mysterious Pamela, Lord Edward Fitzgerald's "odious French wife," believed by many to have been the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité, and Madame de Genlis, the governess of his children. After Lord Edward's death, she was ordered to leave Ireland, and in later years married one Pitcairn, then American consul at Hamburg, by whom she had a daughter—after which event she seems to have separated from her husband and returned to France, resuming the name of Fitzgerald.

"Brussels, 1826: The only remarkable characters I have seen since I came to Brussels are the Abbé Sièyes—one of the regicides who voted 'la mort sans phrase'—a mild looking old man, who is fast sinking into the grave—with what a conscience! And the Princesse de Chimay, formerly Madame Tallien—still a very fine woman, not visited by many ladies and not received at court."

Sièyes was about the only constructive man among the revolutionary leaders. The journal also describes a lady of pleasure of the same period, who was thrown into prison by Robespierre, but was married by Tallien.

"She is cried up as an angel by some of my countrywomen, whom she invited to her ball. She is still handsome—but oh, when I saw her bold, unflinching countenance, and remembered the part she had acted in the revolutionary fêtes at Paris, smiling as one could fancy an evil spirit would upon the scenes of horror and bloodshed, I really turned away in disgust."

Hannah More she visited several times—"a lively, animated, little old lady—her eyes sparkling with good humor, and her whole countenance expressing benevolence." She was, however, rather horrified to find the authoress of Coelebs in Search of a Wife ("surely the dullest story ever written") with a flaxen wig over her grey locks.

Hannah More's benevolence and general outlook on religion may be gathered from the fact that "she said she would rather be a Jew or a Mohammedan than a Papist." To which even the rather ultra-Protestant Clarissa adds her comment: "So much for charity! Fi donc, Hannah More!"

Irving, the founder of what he called the "Catholic Apostolic Church," but what most know as the "Irvingites," a great power in his day, she heard "preach, or rather roar and bellow for two and a half hours. No possibility of escape, as the doors were closed. Oh, what a parody on religion! To me it was really painful—at one time he apostrophized us as 'blundering fools.' "

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Hangman's House, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

"BRAINS," says Neddy Joe, the old gatekeeper of Dermotstown, and by far the most entertaining character in this book, "is overrated. Sure, what's the use of brains except to make money?" Mr. Donn Byrne has used his to the right end, as I gather from the wrapper which announces the twenty-fifth thousand before publication. His idea is to popularize the traditional Irishman as imagined—with the help, I may add, of a particularly lively imagination—by the "last traditional Irish novelist" which the author somewhat presumptuously claims to be in his preface presenting the novel, Hangman's House, to "foreigners" as "a story of Ireland for Irishmen."

It is mainly because I happen to be Irish myself that this novel aggravates me. There is a lot too much "blarney" about it. I congratulate the author upon his ability to compound a thoroughly rich story with all the stage "properties" and the "be-gobs" and "begorras" and without any particular regard for accuracy or probability. True, I have read better racing stories by Nat Gould of sixpenny fame and descriptions of the chase and its appurtenances quite as enthralling by Edith Somerville and "Martin Ross." But it is a brave dashing story of sport and romance that Mr. Donn Byrne gushes forth in Hangman's House, even if hardly a picture of the Ireland of what he hints, in his "foreword for foreigners," were the good "ould" days. The Irishmen that figure in the book are exaggerated types, to put it mildly. In

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comparison with the delightfully humorous characters in George A. Birmingham's novels the indiscriminate exaggeration of Mr. Donn Byrne falls rather flat.

One of the really fascinating points about the book is the way the bees attend at each important event. The hard old father Jimmy, the hangman, after whom Glenmalure is called Hangman's House, marries his daughter Conn to the complete bearded "furrin" villain of melodrama, James D'Arcy, who ends, after killing what is almost as bad as a fox, a race-horse, by jumping out of a top window of the ill-omened Hangman's House, which he has set on fire himself. "Toward the yellow straw hives laden bees flew like bullets." And Lord Glenmalure refuses his daughter's hand to the strapping Dermot. "The blue mountains wore great clusters of gold, and the top of Three-Rock was touched with fire. Now was the hour when nuns walked in their garden, as the Lord God did in His once at the close of day. The weary bees came droning toward their hives." The scene is set with all the lavish imagery in which Mr. Donn Byrne revels, for the consignment of the heroine to the villain. Connaught and James D'Arcy are married; "the sonorous periods of the Latin prayer rolled out, drowning the bourdon of the bees." Ill-fated marriage that never leads to any intimacy with D'Arcy, bearded or unbearded! For the hangman dies before the wedding chimes have finished pealing with the plea of "not guilty!" on his lips. Dermot steps into the warm places in Conn's pure heart to romance with her on the mountain tops. "And the nest of the wild bees, Conn. The mowers will topple that, and I will beat away the surly outlaw bees, and give you the honey of the comb." "Wild honey of wild bees, Dermot."

And when all things have come right and Connaught's "cheeks flushed as now the eastern sky was flushed," one looks around the boat deck where she "stands on the toes of her little feet" in the vain hope that there may be a bumble bee in the rigging. If one were disappointed at the happy climax, one could not complain where the drama was at its height. The bees fail us for once, but as "the great blackguard" lay a charred corpse beneath the burning wall of Hangman's House, "a colony of wasps . . . now hummed with savage anger in the air."

Mr. Donn Byrne has been painstaking in his reading of the Erse legends. The tale of Dan Hoyser is a charming one and well told. He has also soaked himself in the traditional English of the Irish. Though he scorns "Mister Synge," the author of The Playboy of the Western World, who wrote a language which he dreamed the peasants spoke, Mr. Donn Byrne himself is apt to give us a somewhat halting reproduction of this language; he puts it not alone into the mouths of peasants such as Neddy Joe but also in those of the landed gentry and titled classes whose sons frequented the "playing fields of Eton" and whose daughters did at least boast of a convent education.

MARTYN HEMPHILL.

Some Chapters of Diplomatic History, by Nicolás Garcia Samudio. Bogotá: Government Printing Office.

IN order to choose from a number of candidates delegates who might best represent Colombia at the third Pan-American Scientific Conference at Lima in 1924, the government at Bogatá invited essays in advance upon all the subjects for discussion at the Congress, to be submitted anonymously and passed upon by a carefully selected board of judges. The decision was won by Dr. Nicolás Garcia Samudio, with a

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volume entitled Chapters of Diplomatic History, comprising three essays on: John Quincy Adams and the Independence of the Hispano-American Nations; The Mission of Don Manuel Torres to Washington and the South American Origins of the Monroe Doctrine; and Francis de Paul Santander and the United States.

It is unfortunate that this valuable contribution to the history of American interrelation is not available in English. The second essay in particular throws into relief a side too little noted in commentary on the Monroe Doctrine: the part taken by Colombia, as leader of the South American struggle for independence, in urging the promulgation of this doctrine, not as a protective policy exclusively North American nor as an agreed policy between the United States and Great Britain, but rather as the expression of desire of the whole South American continent. The author takes not only our own sources which do not always lead to that conclusion, since the North American interest is usually more emphasized therein than that of our neighbors, but draws copiously also from state documents at Bogotá, which have peculiar value inasmuch as the struggle centered there, and give, as should be, conclusive evidence of bilateral interest.

It is noteworthy, for reasons not so creditable to us that we should wish to dwell on them, that this contribution is offered by Colombia. It is natural that it should be, however, to all who know the high scholarship and historical dignity of the distinguished author's nation.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Monuments of Christian Rome, by Arthur L. Frothingham, New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

DR. FROTHINGHAM'S present contribution to the Handbook of Archaeology and Antiquities is written not only to serve as a text-book but also to recommend itself to general reading. It deals with Roman art during a period beginning with Constantine and ending with the return of the Popes from Avignon, thus representing the artistic life of Rome as a Christian city prior to the renaissance.

The author is well known as a specialist and an authority in his field. Since 1879 when at the age of nineteen he joined the Società dei Cultori di Archeologia Cristiana, of which De Rossi was the leading spirit, he has made Christian Rome and its art his special study; he is a former director of the American School in Rome and professor of archaeology and ancient history at Princeton University.

The volume is divided in two parts: an extensive historical sketch of religious and secular art during the period in question, and a classification of monuments, including such topics as basilicas, campanili, cloisters, civil and military architecture, sculpture, painting, and Roman artists. Within its compass is gathered a vast collection of data presented in an altogether scholarly manner with sufficient detail and critique to satisfy the most exacting student. Much material and many theories are new and here given publication for the first time. While the author defends his own hypotheses and conclusions he avoids being dogmatic, and gives due consideration to conflicting opinions and interpretations. Notwithstanding the scientific nature of his treatise he maintains such balance and loftiness of style that the reading is comfortable and stimulating throughout. A wealth of illustrations and well-arranged indices increase the usefulness of the book.

CARL CRANSEN.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Benedictines, by Edouard Schneider; translated by Johan Liljencrants. New York: Greenberg, Publisher, Incorporated. $2.00.

FEW contemporary translations are more welcome than this careful transcript of a book which, in the original, attracted so much favorable attention. M. Schneider's book was reviewed in The Commonweal for December 16, 1925; and at present we shall merely indicate a few characteristics of the work that would seem to have particular interest for American readers. Mention of the order he founded immediately calls attention to Saint Benedict himself, and so the book opens with a brief, crisp, and affecting narrative of that magnanimous career which ended at Monte Cassino. Then, as if he were treading in the footsteps of the blessed "father of peace," M. Schneider begins his exposition of monastic life. This is explained with full attention to the rule, but also with a realization of how necessary it is that the modern world should understand the human nature of those who retreat from distractions and illusions. Perhaps most readers will relish particularly the description of the liturgical atmosphere. Though the English rendering cannot wholly preserve the beauty of the lyrical original, it does convey the haunting mystery of plain-chant and common meditation, of that blessed joy which is born of the soul's surrender to the Divine Will. The book should get a wide reading, because besides being important it is one of those rare treatments of a religious theme which seem to have been done sacrificially by an artist fully aware of the beauty given into his hand. I might add that the publisher has spared no pains to make this book on the Benedictines as attractive in format as possible.

Oxford Observations, by J. Ainsworth Morgan. New York: Frederick H. Hitchcock. $2.00.

HUMAN nature and Oxford have never been related quite as synonymously as Mr. Morgan would seem to infer. Oxford ways, thoughts, and even speech are specialized forms in England itself, and in America some of its graduate opinion has been estimated in terms of a footwear that pinched. However, Mr. Morgan has set out manfully to delineate this undergraduate life, to give advice and guidance to American students entering the old English school, to explain why these Americans are often unpopular (they could hardly be very popular at home, if he describes them rightly). He gives us plenty of information regarding the halls, the "digs," the clubs, the different types of Oxfordians from the student to the aesthete, the socialist and the conservative. His book is valuable as a guide, an honest, well-prepared account of the life led by the student of today with a finger of warning for our bumptious young Rhodes and other scholars faring forth with their Stars and Stripes. Oxford, as Mr. Morgan insinuates, is not the place for any of our Americanization schemes, and it is bad policy, not to say a word about taste, to forget that Americans are at Oxford as the guests of the English and that true noblesse oblige.

(The title-page and index for Volume III of The Commonweal are now ready, and will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume III in leather or in cloth, information regarding which will be supplied on application to The Commonweal.)

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"'Wets and drys!'" exclaimed Doctor Angelicus as he reached the library from the afternoon express train from Baltimore; "does nothing else interest our reading public? Nothing else in our newspaper all the way down to Maryland—when I reached the Belvedere Hotel and had hardly time to glance at the famous painting of Princess Beauharnais dressing after bathing with her nymphs in Haiti (brought from France, by the way, by a famous 'wet' art collector) they asked me at the desk if I did not want a room with a bath, and I answered: 'Not unless I can have police protection guaranteed with the ten-dollar charge.' This mania for peeping into other people's bathtubs is spreading throughout the country at an alarming rate."

"It seems to have started in the movie theatres," suggested Primus Criticus, "shortly after our military occupations in the Pacific and the popularity of Hawaiian love-songs and bathing scenes on Waikiki Beach."

"Abetted by bathing-suit manufacturers' contests and the tours of our swimming queens throughout the civilized world," interrupted Hereticus, dryly. "Old Doctor Arbuckle, speaking the other night at the American Association of Bathtub Manufacturers, declared that 'nobody believes that anybody takes baths,' unless, no doubt, he sees it himself; and he quotes the political satisfaction that such citizens as old John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster displayed on the platform when they spoke of their Saturday night ablutions, and their word for it was accepted by the general public. Today the cry seems to be 'Open Plumbing and Open Bathing,' while the use of delicatessen and electricity is removing the coal from the apartment-house bathtub and allowing the installation of mirrors!"

Angelicus, taking out his snuff-box, seemed to be regaining his old energy.

"History," he said, "taking us back to the ancient and warmer climate, tells us of the accepted conditions of the public baths which were put down by the early Christians; baths in the pagan days were as much a part of festivity as they were of mortuary rites; those old stories of defeated emperors and disgruntled philosophers retiring for a comfortable suicide to their warm bathrooms, are as frequent as those of tough old gentlemen and warriors, as well as the Lesbias and Lydias of the poets, resorting to the mulcifying solutions of their epidermis in asses' milk. There is nothing new under the sun—Hamlet remarked something of the same sort to Horatio.

"In later times, the queens and ladies of the Crusaders, duchesses in Italy and France, and even the ruder nobles of Germany and England, used wine baths and beer baths to freshen themselves up for one festival or coronation more. During my youthful days in Seville—no, Hereticus, I am not telling too much—I visited the bathroom in the cellar where the fair Maria de Padilla (she was the lovely favorite of Pedro the Cruel, the only one in fact whose head he did not cut off) used to plunge with all the gaiety she could summon up in the presence of Pedro and his still surviving courtiers, who gladly drank up the water after she had finished with it. Broadway has nothing on Pedro—whether the liquid be wine, or that astringent liquor, ginger-ale.

"In our younger days, it was said that Anna Held used a tub of milk; but we must accept this on her own authority as there were no authors, historians, or theatrical managers to

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make asseverations on the claim—the ablutions being strictly private.

"I can remember, too, the shock I received in a streetcar in Rome when a British tourist-mother called her child to move away from beside a meek Franciscan friar reading his breviary, saying: 'Don't sit so close to that dirty monk,' and the prayerful lips that murmured prayerfully under drooping eyelids: 'I am no dirty monk. I take my cold plunge every morning.' His accent was unfortunately of the purest Insular variety. This poor woman had evidently been visiting old palaces where there are so many private chapels and so few bathrooms! I felt that the friar took an advantage of her that was all too controversial."

"Something similar," interrupted Hereticus, "occurred last summer in Sweden when the bathing-mistresses of the Stockholm hotels went on a strike because the conclave of parsons gathered for their convention absolutely refused their ministrations and robbed them of their traditional fees. One observes, throughout all Scandinavia, small dug-outs covered with stones where the natives of ancient days retired with smoking embers at the four clean-up days of the year, just as our own Indians during certain epochs, were wont to refresh themselves in their medicine tents before and after marriage."

"You confuse bathing and morals not unwisely," remarked the Doctor; "the early Christians regarded the abstention from the tub as a mortification; this abstention was a virtue only so long as it was a trial—not a lazy habit or a love of excessive intimacy with mother earth. The Fathers of the Desert lived too far from the flowing streams to be brought into this discussion—although I have heard much from my Arab friends of the salubrious effects of sand bathing."

At this juncture, Miss Anonymoncule, entering the room, announced that it was beginning to rain. Angelicus turned to his manuscript file of spring poetry, drowsily remarking:

"April and May are passed with their showers; the June rose poets are coming in slowly; this rain, I trust, will settle the dust and give us a good crop of peaches. I noticed a rich flowering of blossoms through Delaware and New Jersey."

"I am dreaming of the seashore, Doctor," she whispered—"and, oh, those darling new bathrobes!"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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